

*REASON triumphant over FANCY;*

Exemplified in the Singular

# ADVENTURES

O F

DON SYLVIO DE ROSALVA.

A History in which every marvellous Event  
occurs naturally.

Translated from the GERMAN Original of

MR. C. M. W I E L A N D.

V O L. III.



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MDCCLXXIII.

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# THE ADVENTURES

OF  
DON SYLVIO DE ROSALVA.

## B O O K VI.

### C H A P I.

*History of Prince Biribinquer.*

**I**N a country, of which no mention is made either in *Strabo* or *Martiniere*, there formerly lived a King, who, as having employed no Historians himself, was of so little service to their lucrative interests, that, inflamed with a desire of vengeance, they mutually united to render even his very existence doubtful to posterity. All their malice, however,

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could

could not prevent a few authentick documents being preserved, in which is to be found almost every thing that could be said about him. According to these documents he was a very honest good sort of a King; made his four meals a day, slept very well, and was moreover such a lover of peace and quietness, that it was forbidden, under great pains and penalties, even to pronounce in his presence the name of Sword, Musket, Cannon, &c. &c. What was most remarkable in his person, say these same documents, was a fair round belly, of so majestick a *peripheria*, that the biggest Monarchs of his time were all forced to yield to him in point of corporature. We cannot positively assert, whether the sur-name of *Great*, which was given to him, and which he through life enjoyed, was assigned him on account of this circumstance, or for any other private reasons; but it is very certain, that throughout the whole extent of his kingdom, there had never been a creature whom this sur-name of his had cost a single drop of blood—A consideration, by the way, of no little moment to some great folks, if they knew how to make a proper use of it.

When

When it was thought necessary that his Majesty should marry, as well out of friendship to his people, as to preserve in his family a successor to the crown, the Academy of Sciences was not a little puzzled how to determine, according to the allowed grandeur of the royal corpulency and other proportions, the suitable figure of such a Princess as might be deemed worthy to answer the national expectations. After a variety of academical sittings, they at length hit upon the desired figure, and at length, by sending Ambassadors into all the courts of *Asia*, met with a Princess who perfectly answered to the model prescribed. The joy occasioned by her arrival was extraordinary, and the nuptials were celebrated with so much pomp, that at least fifty thousand couples of his Majesty's subjects were obliged to determine in favour of Celibacy, to answer the regal expences on this memorable event. The President of the Academy, who, though the worst Geometrician of his time, knew how to arrogate to himself all the merit of the abovementioned invention, now reasonably concluded that his reputation depended upon the Queen's fecundity, and being infinitely better



skilled in the experimental department of Natural Philosophy than in Geometry, found out I know not what method, of verifying the Academy's calculations. In short, the Queen was brought to bed of the handsomest young Prince that ever eyes beheld; and so great was the King's joy at the event, that he instantly nominated the President his Prime Vizir.

As soon as the Prince was born, twenty thousand young girls of singular beauty assembled, who had been previously convoked from every corner of the empire, in order to make choice amongst them of a nurse for his Royal Highness. It must be confessed, that among the whole twenty thousand there was not a single maiden to be found. But, however, they were judged so much the properer to fulfil the honourable charge in question,—for which, by the way, every one thought herself the most worthy, because the King's first physician had expressly enjoined that the choice should fall upon the fairest. The commission to choose the fairest from among twenty thousand fine girls, is not so easy a matter as some might possibly imagine; accordingly the first physician,  
tho'

tho' he had a pair of excellent spectacles upon his nose, met with no small difficulty to find out a sufficient reason why he should give one the preference to another; hence the third day had almost elapsed before he was able to reduce the probationers from twenty thousand to a select number of twenty-four. But as it became necessary to make a decision, he was just upon the point of choosing from among these twenty-four girls a large Brunetta in preference to the rest—by reason, that above all others she had the smallest mouth and finest neck and bosom; qualities, which, as he asserted, *Galen* and *Avicenna* absolutely require to constitute a good nurse;—when lo! all on a sudden, and beyond all expectation, they beheld a *Bee* approach, of a prodigious size, and with her a black *She goat*, who both of them demanded admission to, and an audience of the Queen.

“ Beautiful Queen, said the Bee, I am informed you are in want of a nurse for the handsome Prince your son. If you have sufficient confidence in me to give me the preference to these two footed creatures, you shall not repent it. I shall suckle the Prince with

none but milk of orange flowers, and to your heart's full content, you shall see how he will thrive upon it, and grow into good plight and beauty. His breath shall smell as deliciously as the Jasmine, his Saliva shall be sweeter than Canary-wine, and his clouts and blankets——”

“Great Queen, interrupted the She-Goat, as a friend I advise you to be especially on your guard against this Bee. 'Tis true, if you are particularly solicitous to have your young Prince become a sweet spruce little creature, she will be the properest person you can pitch upon for the purpose: but observe, what a Snake lurks concealed under the flowers; she will endow him with such a sting as shall draw upon him infinite evils. I am only a poor mean She-Goat, but by my beard I swear, that my milk shall do him more good than any that the Bee can give him; and though he will neither produce Nectar nor Ambrosia, I promise you in return, that he will be the most valiant, wise, and happy Prince that ever sucked Goat's milk, be the next whom he will.”

All the standers-by were astonished to hear the Goat, and the fat Bee her rival, talk in this manner. But the Queen instantly

instantly perceived that these must be two Fairies, and this persuasion rendered her for some time uncertain how she ought to proceed. At length she declared in favour of the Bee, for, being a little inclined to covetousness, she reasoned in this manner: "If the Bee keeps her word, the Prince will yield such a profusion of sweets as will certainly save the expences of a desert." The She-Goat seemed much displeased at being thus dismissed; thrice she murmured out something which nobody could understand, and instantly a chariot superbly gilt and varnished, and drawn by eight Phenixes, made its appearance. The black She-Goat as instantly disappeared, and in her stead there was beheld sitting in the chariot a little old Woman, who presently rose into the air, uttering loud menaces against the Queen and the young Prince. The chief physician was not at all satisfied with a choice so extraordinary as the Queen had made, and therefore determined to propose it to the fair-bosomed *Brunetta*, whether she would like to accept the office of being his housekeeper; unfortunately, however, he applied too late, and was forced to take up with one among the

B 4

other



other nineteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-six young women, for the select twenty-four were all of them already engaged.

The black Goat's menaces put the King into such a terror that he summoned his Council of state that very evening, to deliberate upon what was to be done in so critical a circumstance; for it being his usual custom never to sleep without having Faery-tales read to him, he very well knew, that when Fairies vented such threatenings, it was no laughing matter. These grave Counsellors having accordingly assembled, after every one had given his sentiments on the subject, it appeared, that among six and thirty profound statesmen with large full-bottomed perukes, there were no less than six and thirty different opinions, of which each opinion was at least attended with as many difficulties. Thus they went on for some dozen sittings together, disputing with great spirit and sagacity, and in all probability the Prince might have reached his age of manhood before they could have agreed what expedient it was best to adopt, had not his Majesty's favourite Jester struck out a proposal, to send an embassy to *Caramussal*



*mussal* the great Magician, who dwelt on the summit of Mount *Atlas*, and was consulted from all parts as an Oracle of Wisdom. The Jester having the King's ear, and being moreover reputed to have the best head of the whole court, every one subscribed to his proposition. Accordingly, in a few days Ambassadors were deputed, who, the better to mitigate their expences, used such diligence, that within three months they arrived at the top of the Mountain in question, though it was almost two hundred leagues distant from their Capital.

They were immediately admitted to an audience of the great *Caramussal*, who, seated in a superb saloon upon a throne of ebony, had been employed the whole day in answering impertinent questions sent him from all quarters of the Globe. The chief of the Ambassadors, after having twisted his Mustachios, and spit three times successively, opened in solemn order his capacious mouth, and was proceeding to repeat an excellent harangue which his Secretary had composed for the purpose, when *Caramussal* interrupted him with the following address: "Mr. Ambassador, said he, I thank you for your speech, and

from your physiognomy I can readily conceive it to be a very fine one. I have so much to say myself all day long that little time is left me to listen to others. But over and beside all this, I already know beforehand what you mean to tell me. Inform the King your master, that he has made himself a powerful enemy in the person of the Fairy *Caprosina*; that it is not however impossible to avert the evils wherewith she hath menaced the Prince, provided a necessary precaution be taken not to let him see a Milk-maid until he is eighteen years of age. But since, notwithstanding every precaution in the world, it is very difficult, not to say impossible, to avoid his destiny, I am of opinion, that, in order to arm him against all events, the Prince should have the name of *Biribinquer* given him; a name, whose mystical virtues are alone sufficient to extricate him happily from every danger that might else befall him." Having vouchsafed them this Solution, *Caramussal* dismissed the Ambassadors, who at the end of three months more reached the capital of their country amidst the general acclamations of the people.

This

This answer of the great *Caramussal* seemed to the King so trifling, that he had the greatest inclination in the world to take umbrage at it. "By my belly," cried he, (for that was his usual oath) I can't help thinking that the great *Caramussal* laughs at us — *Biribinquer!* what a confounded name! Who ever heard of a Prince that bore such an appellation? I would fain know what secret virtue can lie concealed in a name so ridiculous at first sight? Nor, to say the truth, does the prohibition, to let him see no Milk-maid till he is eighteen, seem at all more consistent with reason or common-sense. Why so positively no Milk-maid? How long have Milk-maids been so much more dangerous than other wenches? Indeed, if he had said no Dancing Girl, or none of the Queen's maids of honour, that might have been something; for (under secrecy be it said) I myself would not swear not to be sometimes tempted by such as these.—However, since the great *Caramussal* will have it so, let the Prince be immediately called *Biribinquer*. He will at least be the first of that name, and that is always enough to give us some little distinction in history.—

And as to the Milkmaid, I will order such measures to be taken, that there shall neither be a Cow, She-Goat, nor Milkmaid to be found within fifty leagues round my place of residence."

And now, without ever reflecting beforehand on the consequences that might follow from his resolutions, the King was just about to publish a Royal Edict upon the subject, when his Parliament represented to him by a numerous deputation, how very hard, not to say tyrannical, it would be, should his Majesty's faithful subjects be compelled from hence-forward to drink no milk with their coffee; and the previous rumour of the purposed Edict having moreover already caused a great tumult and uproar among the people, his Majesty at length found himself obliged, after the example of many other Kings in the Faery-tales, to send away the Prince Royal to some great distance, under the care of his nurse the Bee; and leave it to her discretion how best to preserve him from the snares of Milkmaids, or the machinations of the Fairy *Caprosina*.

In consequence of this determination, the Bee conveyed her young charge into the



the midst of a large forest, which was at least two hundred leagues in circumference, and so totally uninhabited, that there was not even a mole to be found all through it. There, by her art, she constructed an immense Bee-hive of a reddish-coloured marble, and planted it round with an orange grove which extended above five and twenty leagues every way. A swarm of an hundred thousand Bees, of whom she was Queen, were set at work to make honey for the Prince and for the use of the Queen's Seraglio; and that every thing might conduce to the Prince's perfect security, swarms of Wasps were garrisoned round the forest at the distance of about five hundred paces from each other, with strict orders to guard the frontiers.

Mean time the Prince grew up, and in beauty and rare qualities surpassed any thing that had ever been seen before him. If he spit, it was nothing but syrup of roses; if he made water, it was the quintessence of orange flowers; and his humblest swaddling necessities, blankets, and so forth, contained things so delicious, that they were sent from time to time to the Queen, to complete her deserts on high days and holidays.

The



The moment he began to lisp, the first things he uttered were all Epigrams and ingenious Conceits of Fancy; and his wit became gradually so keen and exquisite, that not a Bee amongst them could hold up his head against him, tho' the dullest in the whole hive had at least as much wit at will, as any of the forty members in the French Academy.

At length however, having attained his seventeenth year, he found a secret Instinct springing within him which told him, that he was not made to spend all his days in a Bee-hive. Indeed the Fairy *Melisotta* (for that was his Nurse's name) used her utmost endeavours to divert and amuse his mind. She procured for him a number of very ingenious Cats, which used every evening to miaule him a French Concerto or one of *Lulli's* Operas; he had also a Dog that was a rope-dancer, and some dozens of Parrots and Magpies, which had nothing else to do but to tell him stories and entertain him with their witty fallies. But all this was of little or no avail — *Biribinquer* thought of nothing else night or day, but how to procure his liberty. The greatest difficulty he found in his way, was those plaguy  
Wasps

Wasps that guarded the forest, who were in fact such a kind of pretty little animals as might have startled a very *Hercules*, for they were about the bulk of a young elephant, and their Stings in shape and size was pretty nearly like those partisans or halberts, armed with which the ancient Helvetians maintained so successful a struggle in support of their endangered liberty. But one day as *Biribinquer* laid reposing himself under a tree, with a heart full of despair at seeing himself thus kept a prisoner, a Bee approached him, which, like all the rest of the male inhabitants of the Faery-hive, was nearly the size of a half-grown Bear.

“ Prince *Biribinquer*, said the Bee, whether You may be tired or not, I assure you I am heartily so. The Fairy *Melissotta* our Queen has done me for some weeks past the honour of choosing me for her favourite; but I confess to you I sink under the burden of my employment. Between you and I she has above five thousand Bees in her Seraglio, who, trust me, are not suffered to lie idle. I should not wish to complain of being treated upon an equality with my other comrades;—But, pox take

take it! the preference she bestows upon me, begins to be rather inconvenient, and I declare to you I can hold it out no longer. Now, Sir Prince, if you chose it, nothing could be easier for you than to procure both your own liberty and mine too.”—“ But how so? demanded the Prince :”—“ I have not always been a Bee, replied the discontented favourite, and it is solely in your power to restore me to my pristine shape. Only get upon my back; it grows late, and the Queen is busied in her cell about matters which leave her no leisure to think of any thing else; I will fly away with you: but you must first promise me that you will do what I require of you.” The Prince gave him his promise, got upon his back without hesitation, and the Bee took flight with him so rapidly, that in less than seven minutes they were out of the Forest. “ Now, said the Bee to him, you are at liberty. The power of the old Enchanter *Padmanaba*, who reduced me to this situation, does not allow me to accompany you farther; but mind what I am going to tell you. If you go on and keep to this road upon the left hand, you will at length come to a wide open plain  
where

where you will see a flock of blue Goats feeding round about a little thatched cottage. Take good heed not to enter there, for if you do you are undone. Mind and keep the left-hand road, and so get on till you arrive at an old ruined palace, whose magnificent remains will serve to shew you what it has been heretofore. On going through a few courts you will come to a large stair-case of white marble; That will lead you forward to a long gallery, in which you will find on each hand a number of magnificent and well-lighted apartments. Enter into none of these, for if you should, the door will instantly close upon you of itself, and then no power upon earth can extricate you. At length you will meet with one of the apartments shut, which will open of itself the moment you pronounce the name "*Biribiquer.*" In this apartment you will pass the night—and this is all I require of you. A good journey to you, Signior, and if you find my counsels good and useful to you, don't forget that one good turn deserves another."

At these words the Bee took its flight, leaving the Prince in the highest astonishment at all which it had told him. Full  
of



of impatience to see those marvellous adventures realised which he was encouraged to expect, he marched all night long, for it was now the middle of summer, and the moon shone clear. The next morning he perceived the predicted Meadow, the thatched Cottage, and the blew Goats grazing round it. He well remembered the Bee's express prohibition respecting them; but at sight of the Goats and Cottage he felt a sort of attraction which it was impossible for him to account for or resist. Accordingly he entered the Cottage, and found nobody there but a young Milkmaid in a jacket and petticoat as white as the driven snow: She was just going to milk some Goats which were tied up to a crib set round with diamonds. The milk-pail she carried in her beautiful hand was made of a single Ruby, and, instead of straw, the whole floor of the out-house was strewed with Jasmynes and Orange-flowers. All this indeed was enough to strike admiration: but the Prince himself could scarce at all attend to it, having no eyes but for the beauty of the young girl. To say the truth, *Venus*, at that moment, when she was carried by the Zephyrs through the Paphian



Paphian Coasts, or young *Hebe*, while with half-tucked garment she poured forth Nectar for the Gods, was not more beautiful nor more charming than this Milkmaid. Roses of the freshest hue sat mingled on her cheeks, while the rows of pearl, which she wore upon her arms and round her delicate feet, seemed only to augment her own dazzling whiteness: nothing could be more elegant than the features of her face, or more ravishing than her smiles. There was a peculiar expression of tenderness and innocence diffused over her whole form, and her slightest motion had a certain nameless grace which captivates all hearts at first sight. This charming young creature seemed agreeably surprized at this interview with Prince *Biribinquer*, and quite undetermined, whether she ought to stay or fly; she stood still and contemplated him with an intermingled look of bashfulness, timidity, and pleasure; at length, just as the Prince had thrown himself upon his knees before her, "Yes, yes, she exclaimed, it is he, it is he!"—"How?" cried the Prince in the height of transport, gathering from her words, that she already knew him and was not indifferent to his addresses; and

is

is then the too, too happy *Biribinguer*. — “Ye Gods! cried the Milkmaid, starting back all trembling and confounded, what odious name is this I hear! how have my too credulous eyes and heart deceived me! Fly, fly, O unhappy *Galactina*!” — So saying she fled out of the Hovel with a swiftness that out-stripped the wind. The Prince quite stupefied, and unable to comprehend this aversion she had conceived against his name, ran after her as nimbly as possible; but the Milkmaid seemed to fly in such a manner that her feet scarce touched the unbending grass. In vain did the beauties which her flowing dress every moment discovered, add wings to the desires and feet of the pursuing Prince. He presently lost sight of her in a thick wood, where he continued all day long his vague and rambling search, listening around him every step he went, and following every little noise that rustled among the leaves, but without being able to find the least trace of the desired object.

The sun was now set, and the Prince at length found himself at the gate of an old half-ruinous Mansion; on all sides from amidst clumps of shrubs, old fragments of

of marble, and broken pieces of columns of the finest Adamant reared their heads; so that every moment the Prince stumbled against some ruin or other, the least of which was well worth an Island of *Terra firma*. From these circumstances he collected that he was now arrived at the Palace which his friend, the Bee, had told him of; flattering himself, (as people in love and full of sanguine expectations commonly do) that in this mansion possibly he might again meet with his lovely Milkmaid. With some pains and difficulty he made his way through two or three outward courts, and at last came to the Stair-case of white marble. It had at least sixty steps, and upon each step on both sides there stood a winged Lion, which every time it breathed, cast out so much fire from its nostrils that it rendered the night brighter than noon-day. So far however was the Prince from being burned by it, that no sooner did the Lions perceive him, than they stretched forth their wings and fled off with terrible roarings.

Prince *Biribinquer* then mounted the Stair-case, and soon came to a large gallery, wherein he found the several  
open

open Rooms against which the Bee had told him to be upon his guard. Each of these apartments led to two or three others, whose magnificence of arrangement and furniture surpassed every thing that his imagination could conceive, although Faery matters were nothing new to him. For this once, nevertheless, he took good heed not to yield to the emotions of his curiosity, but still kept on his way, till he arrived at a door made of Ebony, which was close shut too, and in the lock of which he perceived a golden key. All his efforts to turn this key were vain: But the moment he pronounced the name "*Biribinquer*" the door opened of its own accord, and he found himself in a grand Saloon, the walls of which were covered over with Looking-glass composed of Crystal. A large chandelier of Diamonds, consisting of above five hundred branches, and burning with oil of Cinnamon, illuminated the room. In the middle of the Saloon stood an ivory table of an oval form, and its feet were made of Emeralds. Upon this table there lay two covers, and close by it stood two side-boards of azure full of plates and dishes of beaten Gold, with goblets,



goblets, cups, and other vessels, and utensils of the same metal. After having considered for some time, and in great admiration every thing that offered itself to his view in this Saloon, he perceived a door, through which he entered into divers other apartments, each surpassing the other in magnificence. He stood a while contemplating every object distinctly, and knew not what to think of such a profusion of splendors. The avenues to the Mansion had promised him a ruined building: the inside left him no room to doubt but that it must be inhabited, and yet he could neither see nor hear a living creature. He once more, therefore, run through all these rooms, searched and ransacked every corner, and at last discovered in the last room of all, a little side-door made in the tapestry. He opened it, and presently found himself in a Cabinet where even Faery skill seemed to have excelled itself. An agreeable mixture of light and shade illuminated the Room, tho' there was no distinguishing from whence this magical twilight proceeded. The walls were of Granate, black and polished; all like so many mirrors, represented different scenes in



in the History of *Venus* and the beautiful *Adonis*, all wrought in so lively a manner that one would have supposed it to be Nature itself, without a possibility of divining by what art these vivid portraits had incorporated themselves into the marble. Delicious odours, like those wafted to us by the Zephyrs from fresh-blown parterres of flowers, filled all the apartment, yet whence they came could neither be discerned or conceived; while a soft harmony, as of a concert heard at a great distance, resounded, as it were, insensibly through the enchanted ear, and melted the heart into a gentle languor. A superb and voluptuous Couch, whose flowing curtains were half undrawn by a little god of love wrought in marble, that seemed, as it were, to breathe, was the only piece of furniture in this charming apartment. It excited in the heart of our Prince a mysterious desire after certain objects, of which, novice as he yet was, he had only confused ideas, though the linings of the room, which he considered very attentively, and not without some gentle inquietude, gave him a degree of insight into the subject. At this juncture the image of the beautiful  
Milkmaid

Milkmaid presented itself before him with new vivacity, and raised in his bosom a sigh at seeing himself deprived of the reality. This sacrifice offered to her charms, he again took a turn thro' the rooms to make a more accurate search about him, but with no better success than before: Tired at length, and unable to satisfy his curiosity, he retired to the Cabinet, sat him down on the Couch, undressed himself, and was just about to take his repose, when one of those indispensable necessities of human nature obliged him to look under the Couch; there he found a crystal vase which still carried the marks of the use it had formerly been put to. The Prince accordingly began to sprinkle it with Orange-flower water, when,—Oh wonderful to relate! the crystal Vase disappeared, and instead thereof, he beheld a young Nymph before him, so beautiful, that it seemed impossible for her to have put the Prince into such fear and trembling as in fact she did. She immediately smiled upon him, as if they had been already long acquainted; and before he could recover from his perturbation, said to him, “Welcome Prince *Biribinquer*! Do not regret the

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having done a kindness to a young Fairy, whom a jealous Barbarian has so grossly abused as to have made her serve, for two long centuries, as an instrument to the meanest uses. Tell me sincerely Prince, do not you think me designed by Nature for infinitely nobler purposes?" Saying this, she fixed her eyes upon him with such a look, that it fell in a direct line immediately upon the discreet *Biribinquer*, and put him into no small confusion. *Biribinquer*, as we have before observed, possessed as much wit and understanding as any one; but withal, we must add as much heedlessness and inattention. He found it necessary to say something civil to the Fairy, but being used to give every thing he said a singular turn, all his wit could not prevent him, this once, from uttering a very silly speech. "'Tis very fortunate for you, beautiful Nymph, said he, since I could have no intention to render you this singular piece of service; 'twas very ignorantly done on my part, believe me; for be assured I am too well acquainted with what decency and good breeding require, to—"

"Oh, not so much formality, I beseech you, replied the Fairy; 'tis quite out

out of season, under the circumstances with which we have so lately commenced our acquaintance. The least I owe you in return is myself; and as we have only this night to be together, I should have reason to reproach myself, were I to occasion you to lose your time in ceremonies. I know you want repose; you are already undressed; get into bed then; there is only this one indeed in the room; but there is a Sopha in the great Saloon, upon which I can pass the night very quietly."

"Madam, said the Prince, hardly knowing what he was going to utter,—I should be—at this instant—the happiest of mortals, if I—was not the most unhappy. I must confess I have found what I did not look for, in looking for what I had lost; and if the pain of having found you, could equal the joy of what I have lost—No, no, I would say, if the joy of having found you, could but ——"

"O my conscience, interrupted the Fairy, I believe you are raving! what is it you mean by all this string of incoherencies?—Come, come, Prince *Biribinquer*, confess to me in plain prose, that you are in love with a Milk-maid."



“ You guess so exactly, replied the Prince, that I must confess the truth.”—

“ Oh pray don't let that give you any uneasiness, continued the Fairy. You are enamoured of a young Milk-maid whom you met with this morning in a little thatch'd house, or more properly speaking, in a hovel.”

“ But now, I beg of you, from whence is it — how could you possibly——”

“ And who was just then going to milk a blue Goat that was foddered with Orange-flowers, and the pail she received the milk in was all studded with Rubies. Is it not so?”

“ Surely, exclaimed the Prince, for a person, who not a quarter of an hour ago (pardon me) was but a—I will not say what—Why you know a great deal,—Sure 'tis a most surprizing——”

“ And the Lady fled away the moment she heard the name of *Biribinquer*——”

“ But I beg of you, Madam, from whence could you learn all this? being, as you said, for above two hundred years kept in that singular state in which I had so very unexpectedly the honour

honour to become acquainted with you."

"Not so unexpectedly on my part, as you may imagine, replied the Fairy; but defer your curiosity for a few moments. You are fatigued, and have eaten nothing all day, follow me into the Saloon, my people are already preparing for us, and I hope your fidelity to the fair Milk-maid, will at least permit you to partake of the repast with me." *Biribinquer* sensibly felt the secret reproach couched in this brief remonstrance, but waved taking further notice of it at present, contenting himself with slipping on his clothes, making the Lady a profound obeisance, and following her into the Saloon.

As soon as they had entered the Saloon the beautiful *Crystallina* (for that was the Fairy's name) went up to the Chimney-place and took out a little Ebony Wand, at each end of which hung a Talisman composed of Diamonds. "Now said the Fairy, I have nothing more to fear. Sit you down, Prince *Biribinquer*, I am now the mistress of this palace, and of forty thousand elementary Spirits, whom the great Enchanter who constructed the edifice five

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hundred

hundred years ago, destined to wait upon me on all occasions."

So saying, she struck thrice upon the table, and in as many seconds of time, to his great astonishment, *Biribinquer* beheld the table covered with dishes of the most delicious kinds, and the side-boards as it were spontaneously loaded with full goblets of Wine.

"I know, Prince, said the Fairy, that you eat nothing but honey. Taste this if you please, and tell me if you ever ate any like it." The Prince ate of it, and solemnly protested it could be nothing else but the ambrosia of the Gods. "'Tis prepared, said she, from the purest exhalations of flowers which never fade, and which blow in the Gardens of the *Sylphs*. But what say you to this Wine, continued she, offering him a sparkling cup?" "I swear to you, cried the Prince, all transported, that the bright *Ariadne* never poured forth better for young *Bacchus*." "'Tis pressed, replied she, from Grapes that grow in the *Sylphian* Vineyards, and those beautiful Spirits owe all their youth, and that immortal gaiety which flows thro' their veins, to the constant use of this grateful Fluid."

The

The Fairy concealed one of the qualities of this Nectar, but the Prince soon became sensible of its efficacy. The more he drank of it, the more charming he found his fair Companion. At the first glance he perceived she had a beautifully flaxen head of hair; the next struck him with the exquisite delicacy of her arm; the third discovered to him a dimple in her left cheek; and on a fourth survey he was enchanted with the whiteness and elegant *Peripheria* of a neck and bosom, which, though a little shaded by the intervention of a thin Gauze, made a powerful attack upon his eyes. An object so engaging, with a Goblet that replenished itself as fast as it was exhausted, were more than sufficient to bury his senses in a soft oblivion of all the Milk-maids in the universe. What shall we say? — *Biribinquer* was too polite to let so beautiful a Fairy sleep alone upon the Sopha; and the beautiful Fairy had too much gratitude to refuse him her company in a house where forty thousand Spirits walked day and night. In a word, the politeness of the one, and the gratitude of the other, were carried as far as possible, and *Biribinquer* shewed himself perfectly worthy



thy of the good opinion which *Crystallina* had conceived of him from the first moment she saw him.

The Fairy, says our History, waked first in the morning, and could not support the indecorum of seeing so extraordinary a Prince lay sleeping in such good company. "Prince *Biribinquer*, said she, after having waked him nobody knows how, I am under many obligations to you. You have delivered me from an enchantment of the utmost indignity that ever female suffered; you have avenged me of my jealous foe; and now there is only one thing left to do, after which you may depend upon the most perfect gratitude in the power of the Fairy *Crystallina*."

"And what then remains to be done?" demanded the Prince, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Hear me, replied the Fairy. This palace, as I before informed you, originally belonged to an Enchanter, whose science gave him an almost unlimited power over all the Elements; but his power over hearts was limited on the contrary in an equal proportion. Unfortunately for him, in spite of his great age, and his white beard, which hung  
down

down to his girdle, he had one of the most amorous constitutions that ever existed. He fell in love with me, and though he had not the gift of making himself loved, he had sufficient power however, to make himself feared. Do but think of the whimsicalness of fate! I refused him my heart, which he strove to gain, and I yielded to him my person, which to him could be of no possible use or avail. At length, out of mere vexation, he became jealous; — so jealous, I assure you, that it was insupportable. He had *Sylphs* at his command of exceeding beauty; but at the same time he was kind enough to insist upon it I should neither look at these *Sylphs* nor take any little innocent freedoms with them. If he ever found one of them in my Chamber or upon my Sopha, I was sure never to see the *Sylph* again. I desired him to place some confidence in my virtue; but that did not seem to this Infidel a sufficient security against a destiny which he was conscious he had but too well deserved. In short, he dispatched all the *Sylphs*, and took into his service none but *Gnomes*, little deformed Dwarfs, whose sight alone was enough to throw one into a swoon.

However, as custom at length makes all things tolerable, this same custom reconciled me by degrees to the figure of these *Gnomes*, insomuch, that in time I found that droll and comical, which at first had appeared to me hideous. There was not an individual among them but was a perfect *Caricatura*. One was dignified with a Camel's Bunch, another had a Nose that hung down below his Chin; a third had Satyr's Ears, and a Mouth which cleft his Head into two Hemispheres; a fourth had an enormous prominent Belly. In a word, a Chinese imagination could have invented nothing more extravagant than the visages and shapes of these Dwarfs.

Old *Padmanaba*, however, did not perceive that among his Domesticks there was one, who, in a certain sense, was more dangerous than the handsomest *Sylph* in the world; not that he was less ugly than the rest, but through a very singular frolick of Nature, that in him seemed a merit, which in the others served only to offend the sight. — I don't know whether you comprehend me, Prince *Biribinquer*?"

"Not entirely," replied the Prince: "But pray be kind enough to proceed; perhaps

perhaps you will be more intelligible as you go on."

"In a little while, continued the beautiful *Crystallina*, *Grigri*,—for so the *Gnome* was called, had reason to believe that he was less disagreeable to me than his companions. What shall we say for it? People have strange ideas when they are teized and harassed, and *Grigri* had a singular talent at amusing discontented Ladies. In short, he so well knew how to fill up my leisure hours,—and many such I had that hung upon my hands—that no creature upon earth could be more satisfied than I was with him. *Padmanaba* at length perceived the extraordinary cheerfulness that shone in my face and animated my whole frame, but he could not so soon discover the true source of it, and the idea of its proceeding merely from the pleasure of his Society was too ridiculous for any but himself to conceive. But, unfortunately, he was a great master in the art of forming those arguments which are termed *Sorites* \*; at last, therefore, by a series

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of

\* A vague, imperfect kind of Syllogism, consisting of several unconnected propositions heaped together, in which the last predicate or property



of Syllogisms, he hit upon a supposition which seemed to him to develop the whole mystery. He accordingly resolved to observe us, and chose his time so well for the purpose, that in this very cabinet he surprized us at our amusements, which little *Grigri's* cleverness very well knew how to render extremely interesting. Could you think it possible, my Prince, for any one to have a heart so maliciously wicked as the old Enchanter exhibited upon this occasion? Instead of generously taking part in my pleasures, he grew enraged at them; pitiful wretch that he was! nobody hindered his being in a pet with himself for not being *Grigri*; but was ever any thing more unjust than to punish us both for that reason?"

"No truly, cried *Biribinquer*, nothing could be more so. For he had nothing more to do than to be *Grigri* in one single respect, and I am sure, in spite

is attributed to the first subject. Such was the merry argument urged by *Themistocles*, to prove that his little Son, under ten years of age, governed the whole world. "My Son governs his Mother, his Mother me: I the *Athenians*; the *Athenians* the rest of *Greece*: *Greece* commands *Europe*; *Europe* the whole World. Therefore my Son governs the whole World."

of

of his long white beard, you must have given him the preference to an ill-looking little Dwarf."

"Why do you tell me of an ill-looking Dwarf?" interrupted *Crystallina*: I assure you at the juncture we are speaking of, *Grigri* was an *Adonis* in my eyes. But have patience and you shall know the result. After the old creature had been for some time an invisible spectator of what passed, he at length appeared to us, and put us into a terror more easily to be imagined than described. He immediately vented against us all the rage which a scene like this, that seemed a reproach upon him for his impotence, naturally tended to produce. I am ashamed to repeat before you the compliments he made me upon the occasion: In fine, for time is precious, he changed me—you well know how—and turned poor *Grigri* into a Bee."

"Into a Bee! exclaimed *Biribinquer*: well, that is very singular. Why at this rate, Signior *Grigri* may possibly be one of my acquaintance—"

"Upon this condition, continued *Crystallina*, that I should not recover my former shape, till after having served the Prince *Biribinquer*—Pardon my bashfulness,

bashfulness, if I do not mention the circumstance under which I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with you; and in which, indeed, not to flatter you, you appeared to such advantage, that in my first confusion, I was just ready to take you for poor *Grigri* himself."

"Oh Madam, you do me too much honour, replied *Biribinquer*, and had I but known that your heart was already captivated by so worthy an object——"

"I beseech you, said the Fairy, throw aside that aukward custom of making so much ceremony, and so very ill-timed into the bargain. You cannot conceive what a weak silly air it gives you. I tell you I have the best opinion that can be of your discretion; and, I hope, have given you a pretty convincing proof of it, by thinking myself perfectly safe in being so intimate with you. I don't very well remember, indeed, how it happened that we should be so familiar, for I confess to you, the pleasure of an interview so long desired made me drink a few glasses more than I usually do. But I flatter myself you will not have exceeded the bounds.——"

"In truth, beautiful *Crystallina*, interrupted the Prince, I find your memory

is as extraordinary as the virtue, upon which you required old *Padmanaba* to repose his confidence: but tell me now, whether you have not forgot what became of the Bee?"

"Ay, indeed, that's well remembered, replied the Fairy; poor *Grigri*! I had really forgot him;—I was very sorry for his fate. But the cruel *Padmanaba* set his deliverance at so impertinent a price, that I know not how I shall be able to tell you——"

"But what was the price then?" demanded *Biribinquer*.

"I cannot comprehend, replied *CrySTALLINA*, what you can have done to this old Enchanter, or why he should bring you in for a share in all his devilish tricks; for it is certain, your great grandfather himself was not born when these transactions happened. In short, *Grigri* can never be restored to his pristine shape, till you have —— But no; the delicacy of my sentiments does not permit to tell it you; nor can I conceive how I shall be able to suggest it. I hope, however, you may already have formed an idea of what it is; for my own part, I cannot explain myself more clearly



clearly to you; indeed I should die with shame to think of it——”

“ May I be instantly turned into a Bee myself thrice over, exclaimed *Biribinquer*, if I can possibly guess what you would be at: Don't make so many preambles, I beg of you; the day draws on apace, and I cannot stay ——”

“ How! said the Fairy, does the time you are spending with me seem so long? —and cannot I make you forget a Milk-girl even for a few hours? Your interest at least, requires you should pay some little court to me; for know, it is in my power to contribute much more to your happiness than you are aware of.”

“ Tell me quickly then, replied *Biribinquer*, what I am to do.”

“ How vastly impatient you are! cried the Fairy. Know then that poor *Grigri* will never again become *Grigri*, till Prince *Biribinquer* shall have —— Well now, cannot you guess?—But of this I can certainly assure you, that nothing but a concern for the deliverance of an old friend could make me resolve to become the sacrifice of that vengeance, which by your interposition *Padmanaba* is determined to take upon poor *Grigri*.”

“ Why,

"Why, he would not wish me to take away your life, I hope," replied the Prince.

"Indeed and indeed, said *CrySTALLINA*, you are very dull of conception to day. Don't you think then that a Lover, really captivated by his mistress, would sooner choose to die than see her in the arms of another."

"O ho! now I comprehend you at last, Madam, said *BIRIBINQUER*, with an air of cool reserve. Upon my word, your modesty need not have made so many scruples against speaking the business out boldly. But give me leave, if you please, to help your memory a little, and just to remind you, that if the matter only rested here, *GRIGRI* must have been disenchanted a long while ago. You must certainly recollect that it is not three hours ago since—"

"I verily think your brain is turned, interrupted the Fairy. Why then you must know, that *PADMANABA* is extremely rigid in his adherence to the Law of Retaliation, and that of consequence *GRIGRI* never will recover his former shape, till you have retaliated upon him all those offences, which the Enchanter imagines himself to have received from him."

"Oh .

“ Oh Madam, cried Prince *Biribinquer*, leaping out of bed, I am Signior *Padmanaba*’s very humble servant. But since nothing more than this trifling circumstance is requisite, you have only to look out among the ten thousand *Gnomes* retained in your service, for a new *Grigri* to avenge your old grey-headed fool upon his wonderful rival;— and probably this may be of more importance than to restore your old acquaintance, the little Dwarf, to his original beauty. For my own part, I imagine you have reason to be satisfied with my having restored you to your pristine form. I don’t mention this as if I thought myself not amply recompensed for a piece of service, which has cost me so little, by the singular civilities you have bestowed upon me. I only mean to remind you of the main point which must ever claim your consideration; namely, that instead of being a crystal Vase of low degree, you are now again become the Fairy *CrySTALLINA*, and that the power with which old *Padmanaba*’s Wand invests you, ought very amply and easily to console you for the loss of a single individual.”

“ I hope,

" I hope, however, replied *Cryfallina*, that you will not attribute my sollicitude for poor *Grigri* to interested views. You must be greatly mistaken indeed, as to the delicacy of my sentiments, as well as the duties of friendship, if you cannot allow, that a person may express zeal for a friend without having any other motive than that friend's welfare; and I should be sorry——"

" Oh Madam, replied *Biribinquer*, (who had been dressing himself all this while), I am perfectly well persuaded of that quintessence of delicacy which pervades your sentiments; but you see how fine a morning it is for the continuation of my journey. Be so kind then, You, whose heart is capable of so disinterested a friendship, as to inform me which road I shall take to find my beloved *Galaëtina* again. Do this, and I will then maintain against all and every Gain-sayer upon earth, that you are at once the most generous, the most disinterested, and even, if you please, the coyest, chastest Fairy, of all that inhabit the universal Globe."

" You shall be satisfied, said *Cryfallina*: Go seek your Milkmaid, since your destiny will have it so. I might find



find reasons not to be entirely pleased with your deportment; but I see you are one of those that must not be scrutinized too closely. Go, Prince, in the Court-yard you will find a Mule, which will never slacken its pace till it has brought you to your *Galactina*; and, should any mischance unexpectedly befall you,—in these Pea-shells you will find an universal and an infallible remedy.”

“ Well! said Don *Eugenio*, interrupting his friend's narration, how glad am I that you have brought your *Biribinquer* at last out of that cursed Palace. I protest to you I am above half-tired of this *Crystallina*. What an insipid creature!”—“ You need only say she is a Fairy, replied Don *Gabriel*, and then you have said every thing.”—“ You certainly don't mean by that, to make us understand that there are no worthy and respectable Fairies, said Don *Sylvio* with a very serious countenance; for it is evident beyond a doubt, that there are such. It cannot however be denied, that there is a something very singular and absurd, which distinguishes them from mortals, at least it appears so to us; but it may be we are not competent judges respecting them, and may err in judging  
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of them by rules, to which beings of a different class from our own, are by no means confined."—"But what say you to her pompous pretensions, the delicacy of her sentiments, and the virtue she so much boasts of?"—"This sitting in judgment upon Fairies, replied Don *Sylvio*, is a string so difficult to touch, that I should rather choose to say nothing at all concerning it, and especially on the present occasion; the History of Prince *Biribinquer* being in all respects the most extraordinary tale that I ever yet heard of."—"As to the Fairy *Crystallina's* character, said Don *Gabriel*, the Historian only gives it just as it really was; and, without violating that veneration which is so justly due to the Fairies, I apprehend we may freely pronounce that character blameable: and as to the rest, you will grant me, Don *Eugenio*, that were you to put yourself in the Prince's place, the Fairy's vaunting and parade might not seem near so tiresome to you, as it may possibly have appeared from hearing me repeat it. We are always fond of hearing a fair female speak, especially if we can see her at the same time, and she has an agreeable tone of voice. Then you are at

once

once persuaded and affected without paying any minute attention to what she says; and if you did, generally speaking, perhaps you might not be much the gainer by so doing."—"Oh, prithee now, if you have nothing more civil to say of our sex, said Donna *Felicia*, you had better go on with your history, however tiresome it may be, or seem to be."

Don *Gabriel* promised his best endeavours to render it more amusing, and continued as follows. "Prince *Biribinquer* put the Pea-shells into his pocket, thanked the Fairy *CrySTALLINA* for all her civilities, and accompanied her down to the Court-yard."—"There now, said she, observe that Mule, there is not perhaps her equal. She is descended in a right line from the famous *Trojan Horse*, and the *Ass* of old *Silenus*. On the paternal side she has the quality of being wood, and stands in no need either of provinder, litter, or the curry-comb; on the mother's side she derives the advantage of travelling very commodiously, and is as mild and gentle as a lamb. Mount her, and let her go with you wherever she will, she will carry you to your Milkmaid, and if you are  
not

not as happy at the long run as you desire to be, the fault will be entirely your own."

The Prince examined this extraordinary beast on all sides, and it required all the wondrous things he had seen in the Mansion to make him put as much confidence in the animal as the Fairy would have him. However, while he was mounting, *CrySTALLINA* determined to give him a convincing proof that she had advanced nothing too much respecting her own power. She cleft the air thrice with her Ebon staff, and in a moment, behold all the ten thousand *Sylphs*, whom *Padmanaba's* Wand had now subjected to her authority, made their appearance! The court, the stair-case, the gallery, the roofs, and the very air itself, all swarmed with winged youths, every one of whom surpassed the Vatican *Apollo*. "Oh! by all the Fairies, exclaimed *Biribinquer*, in an extasy at the sight, what a brilliant court is this of yours, Madam! Leave little *Grigri* in his Bee-state as long as he pleases, here's sufficient to make you amends for his absence. 'Twould be a bad affair indeed, if among all these Deities of love none could be found capable of filling



filling up the place of a *Gnome*, who, by your own account, had no other preference over his other deformed companions, but that of being monstrous in a more agreeable manner than the rest." — "You see, at least, replied *Crystallina*, that I am in no want of company to console me for your infidelity in case I should ever wish for that consolation."

Having said this, she wished him a good journey, and *Biribinquer* trotted away upon his wooden Mule with all expedition, and full of reflection on the many wonderful events that had befallen him in the Fairy's palace.

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## C H A P. II.

### *Continuation of Prince Biribinquer's History.*

"I Shall wave giving you the various private reflections which occurred to *Biribinquer*, and proceed to inform you, that about noon, when the heat began to be insupportable, he alighted at the

the entrance of a forest, and sat himself down upon the bank of a little rivulet which ran under the shadow of some thick spreading trees. Soon after he perceived a Shepherdess driving a little herd of pink-coloured Goats before to water in the rivulet, just by the spot where *Biribinquer* was laid down in the shade.

Imagine to yourself, Don *Sylvio*, how great must be his rapture, on recollecting in this young Shepherdess his well-beloved Milkmaid! She now appeared to him a hundred times more lovely than when he first beheld her: but what rejoiced him most was, that instead of flying from him, she approached nearer and nearer to him. At length she seated herself upon the grass close beside him, seemingly as if she had taken no notice of his being there. The Prince had not courage to speak to her, but threw at her such ardent glances, as might almost have vitrified the flint stones at the bottom of the stream before him. The fair Shepherdess, who must have been of a very cold constitution not to have been broiled by such powerful glances, was tying up in the most composed manner imaginable, a Garland

of flowers, but could not help every now and then giving him a side-long look, as it were by stealth. The Prince thought there seemed to be no indignation in her countenance; and this rendered him so bold that he stole nearer to her unperceived, just as she was caressing a little She-goat, which, instead of hair wore nothing but fine silver threads, and was all over bedecked with Garlands and rose-coloured Ribbands. *Biribinquer's* looks glancing from this new-fixed point, said full as many clever things now as they had done before; while hers corresponded with them from time to time so politely, that at length he could not help throwing himself at her feet, and, according to his custom, repeating to her in very poetical figures, what he had before told her in language much more intelligible and persuasive. Having finished his tender Elegy, the beautiful Shepherdess answered him with a look, the beginning of which was more cool than the close of it. "I know not, said she, whether I have perfectly understood you: but did not you mean to tell me all this while, that you love me?" — "That I love you!" cried *Biribinquer*, all transport-

ed,

ed, Heavens!—say rather that I adore you, and could wish to yield up my soul thus languishing at your feet.”—

“ Well, lookye, replied the Shepherdess, I am but a very simple girl: I neither wish you to adore me, nor that you should yield up your soul, for I do not imagine you to have too much of it. I shall be satisfied if you do but love me. But I must tell you, it will be a more difficult matter to persuade me, than the Fairy with whom you spent the evening yesterday.” — “ Gods! exclaimed the Prince, in the deepest confusion, what’s this I hear! — How is it possible — who can have given you — from whence could you learn—I know not what I say—— Oh! wretched *Biribinquer*!”

Scarce had he uttered this fatal name, when the beautiful Shepherdess set up a loud shriek: “ Yes, wretched *Biribinquer* indeed, she cried, starting up with great precipitation—and must you again offend my ears with that detestable, unworthy name?—You force me at once to hate and to fly from you, just when I —” Here the enraged *Galaëtina* was suddenly interrupted by a Spectacle, which equally prevented her and the Prince from thinking of any thing else but the object



before their eyes. Advancing towards them they beheld a Giant, whose forehead was encircled with a couple of young oaks twisted together instead of a Diadem. The monster stalked forward, picking his teeth with a large pointed stake, and coming up to the Shepherdess, spoke to her in so terrible and thundering a voice, that upwards of two hundred Crows which had built their nests in his huge bushy beard, issued forth on all sides in the greatest hurry and confusion. "What art thou about there, Girl, he cried—What be'st doing with that little Dwarf?—Follow me this instant, or I will hack thee as small as mince-meat. And as for *Thee*, said he, turning to the Prince, and pushing him to a large sack which he had brought upon his shoulders,—“Get thee into my bag here, get thee in I tell thee.” After which very laconick compliment, he tied up the sack, took the Shepherdess in his arm, and walked away.

Poor *Biribinquer* fancied himself plunged into an unfathomable world, and for a good while kept tumbling from side to side without being able to reach the bottom; at length, however, he stopped there, but so hurt with a blow on the head

head by falling against a knot which stood out of the sack's seam, that for some minutes he lay quite stunned, and imagined he had broken his skull. But coming to himself by degrees, he luckily recollected the Pea-shells which *Crystallina* had given him: accordingly he broke them open, but found nothing there but a little Diamond knife, with a haft made out of a Griffin's claw, and so small that he could hardly hold it in his three fingers.—“ And is this all that the Fairy *Crystallina* has done for me? said he to himself. What would she have me do with this trifling toy? 'tis hardly big enough to cut my throat with, if I wished to do it; and possibly that might be her view in bestowing the gift upon me. But no, every thing must be tried before throat-cutting. Who knows but I may make a hole in the sack with this idea of a knife, tho' it will cost me no little pains to manage it, and I may be obliged to hazard a dangerous leap into the bargain?—But I had rather run any hazard, than risque this cursed Monster's making Sausages of my body to feed his Brats with.” Full of this noble ardour, *Biribinquer*, or rather the little knife, upon which a

Talisman was engraven, went to work so effectually, that in a little while it made a pretty moderate hole in the sack, though the threads of which it was composed were as thick as a cable. He presently observed that they were going through a forest, and was in great hopes of suiting matters so, as that in jumping through the orifice of the sack, he might some how catch hold of one of the tallest trees. This scheme was immediately put in execution without the Giant's perceiving any thing of it; but the branch he wanted to hold by broke, and poor *Biribinquer* tumbled headlong in a marble bason very deep and full of water, that lay luckily beneath the tree;—for what he had taken for a Forest, proved to be a very fine Park belonging to an adjacent noble mansion. He thought himself at least fallen into the Caspian Gulph, or more properly speaking, he could think of nothing at all; the fright he was in having so stunned his brain, that he lay motionless awhile, and probably might never have seen the Continent again, had not a Nymph who luckily happened to be bathing herself in the bason, that instant come to his assistance. The danger in which she beheld

beheld so handsome a young man, made her forget her own present condition; and indeed the young man might have been drowned out and out, before she could have dressed her fair frame. *Biribinquer* on recovering his spirits, found his face lying against one of the most beautiful bosoms that ever stood exposed to view, and the moment he opened his eyes, saw himself stretch'd out on the verge of an extensive piece of water in the arms of a Nymph, who, in the negligent deshabille under which he beheld her, restored him almost instantaneously to an equal, if not greater degree of vivacity, than he had ever enjoyed before.

This adventure put him into so agreeable a surprize, that it hindered him from uttering a single word. But no sooner did the Nymph perceive him beginning to revive, than she disengaged herself from him, and leaped into the water. *Biribinquer*, who imagined she was about to fly, instantly began to lament in a plaintive voice, like a young child when his favourite Doll is attempted to be torne from him. The beautiful Nymph it seems was in reality very far from harbouring so cruel a design; for in a few minutes he saw



her back re-appear upon the surface, surpassing the lilly in whiteness. She lifted up her head a little, but the moment she perceived the Prince, plunged again into the water, and swam under the wave till she got to the opposite side where her garments lay. But observing the Prince was coming round towards her, she raised herself to the waist above the water, encircled with her long fair tresses, which partly hung floating round her on the stream, and partly descended to her feet; concealing from the Prince's view beauties which might have restored a *Tithonus* to fresh youth and vigor.

" 'Tis very indiscreet in you, Prince *Biribinquer*, said she, to embarrass people by your presence, at a time when they would chuse to be alone."

" Pardon me, beauteous Nymph, replied the Prince, if I conceive your scruples to be a little out of season. After the service you have so generously rendered me, I should apprehend—"

" Why, look now, what insolent creatures are these men! There is no shewing them the least civility, but they will instantly criticise and find fault; and what is merely the effect of generosity  
or

or pity, is in their fancy a sufficient authority to take freedoms. What! because I have been kind enough to save your life, I suppose now, you think—”

“ O how cruel you are, interrupted the Prince, to attribute that to insolence, which is really nothing but the effect of that enchantment necessarily communicated by a sight of your charms. If you wish to take from me the life which you have so lately saved, (for who could behold you, and at the same time endure the deprivation of a sight so ravishing!) kill me at least in a generous manner: let me stand a monument of your triumphant beauty, and while I thus contemplate you, convert me, if you please, into a lifeless form of marble.”

“ You have read the Poets, I see, said the Nymph, and pretty attentively too; prithee whence did you take that allusion? Was not there once upon a time a certain *Medusa*—O’my conscience you have thumb’d your *Ovid* to some purpose, and it must be owned you have done credit to your School-master.”

“ Cruel! exclaimed *Biribinquer*, with great impatience, what pleasure can you find in confounding the language of my heart, (which can meet with no other

expressions strong enough to describe what it feels; to confound, I say, this language) with the Rhetorical figures and flourishes of a young School-boy?"

"You time it very ill for disputing, interrupted the Nymph; don't you see then, that in the element where I am, I have greatly the advantage over you?— But I prithee now, just step behind those Myrtle hedges, and give me leave, if you please, to slip on my clothes."—

"But would it not be more agreeable to you, if I might be permitted to help dress you?" — "What an idea!" replied the Nymph. I am extremely obliged to you for your politeness, but I should not choose to put you to so much trouble; besides, as you may soon see, I am in no want of people more capable, and better adapted to the business than you are."

So saying, she founded a little Conque Shell which hung about her neck, fastened to a collar of the largest and finest pearls. In an instant the whole basin was filled with young Nymphs, who sprung from the water and formed a circle round their mistress. At such a sight, *Biribinquer* could still less find it in his heart to retire; but no sooner did

did the Nymphs perceive this, than they dashed in his face so large a quantity of water, that out of fear of becoming another *Æteon*, he fled away as rapidly as if he had already had the feet of a Stag. Every moment he kept feeling his forehead, but finding no horns sprouted there, and hence recovering spirits, he slipped behind the Myrtle-hedges in order to contemplate his beautiful Nymph while she was dressing. But now it was too late. The attendant Nymphs were all disappeared, and on his advancing from behind the hedges, he was within an ace of hitting his head against that of his fair deliverer, who was come thither in search of him. Full of astonishment to behold her thus instantaneously as it were, "How, Madam, he cried, do you call this dressing yourself?"

"Why not? replied the Nymph. Don't you see I am wrapped round with seven veils, one over the other?"—"Odso! Madam, I see, said the Prince; but if this be drapery, I should be mighty curious to know the person that wove it. Why, the finest cobweb is mere packing-cloth in comparison to this. I could have sworn it was nothing



but the pure air." — "It is made of the finest sort of fluid, replied she; a species of water without moisture; spun, or rather wire-drawn by the Polypuses, and woven by our young girls. 'Tis the common wear of us *Undinæ*, and what other could you wish us to have? For we are in no need of any thing to defend us either from heat or cold." — "Heaven forbid that I should wish you any other, said *Biribinquer*; but don't take it amiss, if I protest to you, that in my mind you might very well have excused putting yourself to so much trouble and punctilio, when you wanted to come out of the *Bafon*." — "Hear me, Monsieur Honey, said the Nymph, (with one of the most gracious half-sneering, half-smiling looks in the world) if I was to give you any counsel, it should be to get rid of that ill habit you have acquired of continually attempting to moralize; for to tell you the truth, you have no skill at it, and it fits but very awkwardly upon you; not to say that it's a custom which flies directly in the face of what we call good-breeding. 'Tis very easy to discern you have seen nothing of the world, unless it were through the chinks of a  
Bee-hive,

Bee-hive, and therefore it would be highly proper in you to follow the sage *Avicenna's* advice, and never to judge of any thing at first sight.—But let us call another subject. — You have not yet dined, I apprehend, and however enamoured you may be of your Milkmaid, under certain limitations, yet I know you are not used to live upon sighs.”

This said, she sounded her Conque again, and instantly three Nymphs issued from the Bason. The first brought a little table made of Amber, and supported by three Graces cut out of one single Amethyst. The second covered this table with a mat of the finest chipped Rushes: The third brought upon her head a basket, from whence she took out several covered shells, and set them on the table. “ I am told, said the Nymph, to Prince *Biribinquer*, that you eat nothing but Honey; I can give you a taste of some that is not of the worst sort, though it's extracted entirely from Sea-plants.” The Prince accordingly tasted, and found it so good, that he could have almost devoured the very shell in which it was served up. After the repast two other *Naiads* appeared, bearing a little side-board of Sapphire, garnished with drinking

ing vessels. They were all made out of compacted water, hard as adamant, transparent as crystal; and, as it seemed to the Prince, were full of clear fountain water. But the moment it touched *Biribinquer's* lips, he found that the best wines of *Persia* were but flegm in comparison of what he tasted. "Now, said the *Undina*, you will allow yourself to be not much worse off here than at the Fairy *Crystallina's*, with whom you spent last night in so sociable a *tête-a-tête*."

"Beautiful *Undina*, replied the Prince, you are too modest, thus to think of comparing yourself with a Fairy, who is in every respect so greatly your inferior."

"Why there now, this is bad reasoning again, said the Nymph: I did not say it out of Modesty, but merely to know what you would say to me in reply."

"But tell me then, my Goddess, said the Prince, how could you come by all this good news respecting me? — The moment you saw me, you called me by my name—" — "By which, replied the Nymph, you may discern that I am as good a Connoisseur as the Fairy *Crystallina* herself." — "And you likewise know, that

that I was brought up in a Bee-hive"—  
 "That is easily seen with half an eye,  
 said the Nymph." — "And that I am  
 in love with a Milkmaid" — "Oh, yes,  
 and as deeply as ever Being was; nay,  
 you are more so still since she became  
 a Shepherdess; and who knows how far  
 you might have pursued your fortune,  
 had not the Giant *Caraculiamborix*, — But  
 you need give yourself no trouble about  
 that matter. You shall see her again,  
 and be as happy too as ever creature  
 can be in the possession of a Shepherdess  
 or Milkmaid."

"Oh, cried *Biribinquer*, (who now  
 began powerfully to experience the effects  
 of that liquor with which the *Undina*  
 had been treating him), who can wish  
 to see or possess any other object, after  
 having once beheld you, divine *Undina*!  
 In truth, I scarce even remember to  
 have had eyes hitherto. The first moment  
 in which I looked at you, was the com-  
 mencement of my existence; and I nei-  
 ther know nor desire any other felicity,  
 than to be consumed at your feet by that  
 ardent flame which your first glances  
 enkindled in my heart."

"Prince *Biribinquer*, said the *Undina*,  
 you have had but a poor master in Rhe-  
 torick,



torick. I should have thought the Fairy *CrySTALLINA* might have cured you of the ridiculous opinion, that to evidence the force of one's passion, one must be absolutely obliged to talk in an extravagant style. I could venture to lay any wager you will, that you do not talk seriously when you tell me you wish to be consumed at my feet. Believe me, I know your desires much better, and you would gain more by talking to me in the natural way. This stiff bombast language to which you have accustomed yourself, may be of the right stamp possibly to touch the heart of a Milkmaid: but let me tell you once for all, you must not treat every one you meet with in the same way. A female, who like me has studied her *Averroes*\*, does not suffer herself to be caught by Poetical flourishes. You must know how to convince us, if you would make us feel; and it is the force of truth alone which can bring us to a voluntary self-surrender."

*Biribinquer* was too well inured to the reprimands of those Ladies into whose

\* One of the most subtle Philosophers among the *Arabians*, in the 12th Century; and a man of very doubtful character, in point of Religion and Morals.

hands he fell, to lose courage on receiving such a reproach, as at the same time pointed out to him by what means he might hope to make his party good among the female disciples of *Averroës*: In fact, he discerned that he should have much less difficulty to subdue the fair Nymph by the energy of truth, than by artificial and high-flown declarations of love. The charms of the *Undinæ*, according to the authentick testimony of the Count *de Gabalis*, exceed every thing that can be desired in the possession of the fairest amongst mortal beauties. In a word, to the wishes of this bright *Undina Biribinquer* by degrees became more natural and more convincing; and tho' the Lady herself very exactly observed what we call the *Gradations*, she knew so well how to regulate her time, that just as the sable veil of night involved the Hemisphere,—just then had our Prince carried conviction to that point of evidence, which no longer admits of doubt. The History says nothing more of what passed between them, excepting that *Biribinquer*, when he awaked the next morning, found himself, to his great astonishment, upon the same couch, in the same apartment, under the same palace-

palace-roof, and in the same situation, in which he had been the day preceding, at the same hour !

The beautiful *Undina*,—nobody knows how or wherefore — was at no great distance from him ; and no sooner perceived him to be awake, than with that enchanting gracefulness which had so captivated him but a few hours before,—but which at this moment seemed a matter of perfect indifference to his philosophick soul,—She apostrophized him in the following manner. “ Fate, my dear *Biribinquer*, has singled you out to oblige unfortunate Fairies. Having the pleasure to be one of them, it is but just I should inform you who I am, and what obligations I owe to you. Know then that I am one of those Fairies who are called *Undinæ*, on account of their inhabiting the element of water, from the subtilest atoms of which their frame and being is composed. My name is *Mirabella*, and the Faery-state, joined to that rank which my birth gives me among the *Undinæ*, might have rendered me completely happy, had there been any thing in the world capable of guarding us against the influences of our evil stars. Mine condemned me to be beloved

loved by an old Enchanter, whose profound science gave him an unlimited power over the Elementary Spirits : but withal, he was the most disagreeable creature in the world ; and but for the friendship of a *Salamander*, who was one of the favourites of old *Padmanaba*——”

“ How ! exclaimed the Prince, *Padmanaba* did you say ?—That man with a beard two yards long, and as white as snow, who transforms poor languishing lasses into Chamber-pots, and little merry *Gnomes* into Bees ?”—“ Yes, ’twas really he, replied the *Undina*, who arrogated over my person the prerogatives of a Husband, without the least capability of fulfilling the duties of that relation. A female who had preceded me, and whom he one day surprized in the arms of a *Gnome*, had made him so mistrustful, that he grew jealous even of his own shadow. He had dismissed all the *Gnomes*, and taken into their place none but *Salamanders*, whose fiery nature he judged was rather calculated to inspire terror than love. You must certainly remember to have read in your *Ovid* the story of the fair *Semelé*, who was reduced to ashes for her presumption  
in



in daring to embrace a *Salamander* \*. The old Man however, with all his foresight, forgot that the aqueous nature of the *Undinæ* renders them perfectly safe against all such danger. On the contrary, this same aqueous nature so completely temperates the fire of a *Salamander* into a gentle heat, as to render it very favourable to love. *Padmanaba* placed so intire a confidence in the fidelity of his favourite, that he left us all the liberty we could desire. You may imagine perhaps, Prince *Biribinquer*, that we availed ourselves of these moments like material lovers; but if so, you are mistaken. *Flox*, (which is the name of my friend the *Salamander*) was at the same time the tenderest, and the sprightliest lover in the world, He soon perceived that my heart could only be gained by good sense and understanding; He even carried his complaisance to my delicacy so far, that he did not once seem to observe that I had, as you see, a tolerably fine skin, a shape not at all despicable, and a pair of those pretty little delicate feet, which might just as emphatically have interpreted for me, as eyes could do for other persons. In a word, he lived with me as if I had

\* The Poet calls him *Jupiter*. See *Metam. lib. 3.*  
consisted

consisted solely of spirit. Instead of toying and trifling with me as other lovers do, he analysed to me the mysterious writings of *Averroës*; we sat and talked sentimentally for whole days together; and though in the main it was all upon the same things, we contrived however to give the subject so many different turns, that it seemed as if we were continually treating of something new, when really it was no more than repetition upon repetition of the same sentiments. You see, my Prince, nothing could be more innocent than our friendship, or if you will, our Love: — And yet, in spite of all this, neither the purity of our intentions, nor the precaution of a young *Gnomide* (or female *Gnome*) who waited upon me, and was one of the cunningest little creatures that ever eyes beheld, could defend us against the malicious observations of those many envious eyes which were continually upon us. Several *Salamanders*, offended at the preference which I gave to my friend above them, grew so bold as to make certain remarks upon our conduct, which, as they pretended, must have arisen from certain familiarities, which they hinted they had observed between

us.

us. One pretended to discern that I was unusually gay and alert, and that a certain fire sparkled in my eyes, which had hitherto been extinguished for a considerable length of time. Another could not comprehend how my attachment to Philosophy could be so great, as to make me fit to receive lessons in it, even in my Bed-room, nay, and in bed too. A third would have it he had discovered a certain sympathy between our knees and elbows; and in short, a fourth persuaded himself of some unaccountable secret intelligence between our feet. You see, my Prince, that even if amidst those distractions of thought to which Metaphysical souls are the most frequently liable, any thing of this kind had passed, it must have required all the malice, and the material mode of thinking of our worst enemies, to have interpreted trifles like these to the disadvantage of such virtue as had always maintained itself in a well-founded reputation, by the most rigid rules of Morality."

"However, our enemies continued to murmur so loudly, that at length it came to the ears of old *Padmanaba*, who was but too naturally inclined to listen with attention to all such insinuations.

tions. He was the more shocked and disturbed at this intelligence, on account of that high opinion he had hitherto entertained of my virtue, or at least of the coldness of my blood. Means were accordingly concerted to surprize us; and at last our enemies succeeded, taking us unawares in one of those abovementioned distractions of mind, which for some moments was very unluckily too profound to leave us the free use and management of our senses. The thundering voice of the formidable *Padmanaba*, at length aroused me from that kind of extasy, in which all interruption is extremely disagreeable. Judge you, how astonished and confounded I must be, on seeing myself exposed to the view of so many spectators, and in so critical a situation! All presence of mind however did not entirely leave me. I intreated my old Husband not to condemn me before he had heard my justification; and was just going to prove to him by the seventh Chapter of the *Metaphysics* of *Averroës*, how deceitful and fallacious are the senses; when he cut me short with these words. “ I have loved thee too much, thou ungrateful creature! to be capable of taking that vengeance upon thee



thee which my offended honour demands. Thy punishment shall consist simply in a trial of that virtue to which thou still dar'st to pretend. I banish thee, continued he, (touching me with his Wand,) to the inclosure of the park which furrounds this Mansion. Retain thy shape and the prerogatives of thy Fairy condition; but lose them both, and be transformed into an hideous Crocodile, so often as ever thou shalt lapse again, with whomsoever it may be, into a distraction of thought like that in which I have just now caught thee. It irks me that I have not power to render this enchantment indissoluble. But greatly am I apprehensive that future times will produce a Prince, whose wonderful star shall defy every influence of my magick skill.—All that I can do, is to tie down the conditions of thy disenchantment to the Talismanick virtue of a Name so extraordinary, that peradventure, millions of years may elapse before it shall ever be pronounced or heard in any language of the world."

The moment *Padmanaba* uttered these mysterious words, I was transported by an invisible power into that great basin of water, in which you first beheld me;  
and

and shortly after, I learned that the old Man, deeply chagrin'd at my pretended infidelity, had left the palace without any one's knowing what became of him, or of my beloved *Salamander*. I was inconsolable for the loss of the latter, which for some days put me into such an ill-humour with my Nymphs, and made me give them such terrible looks, that some of them became paralytic at the sight of me, and others, half-dead with the fright, fell in labour, and were brought to bed before their times. But as great griefs seldom last long, mine ceased the moment I called to mind that *Padmanaba* had at least left me one way to save my honour and secure my virtue. What shall we say to it, Prince *Biribinquer*?—More than fifty thousand Princes and Cavaliers have for upwards of a Century past, attempted in vain that adventure, which you alone was capable of atchieving. What complaints, what maledictions have resounded through the Forest, when those Unfortunates, instead of a charming Nymph whom they fancied they were embracing, suddenly beheld a hideous Crocodile—The horror which so humiliating a recollection excites in my soul, hinders me from proceeding.

ceeding. 'Tis true, this horrible Metamorphosis presently ceased; but every fresh attempt they made to disenchant me, only served continually to produce the same effect. The basin before-mentioned, which formerly was of an ordinary size, is now become so deep by the addition of their tears, that, as you saw, it looks rather like a little lake, where several of them, who in despair plunged themselves headlong, would have found death in the watery element, had not my Nymphs dragged them out and reconciled them to life. You alone, thrice happy *Biribinquer*! you alone was fortunate enough to annihilate an enchantment, which hitherto had reduced me to the melancholy necessity of having so many millions of spectators to witness my wretchedness—"

"But stay now, said the Prince, this is the very circumstance I cannot see through. What occasion had you for all these witnesses? Methinks the honour and reputation of your Virtue, as you are pleased to call it, would have been better justified if you had never reduced yourself to the hazard of becoming a Crocodile at all." "Why there!" replied *Mirabella*, this is the way in which  
you

you and such as you reason. But pray tell me, if you please, what glory can result from a constrained virtue? What female is there who may not restrain her desires, while she beholds at the same time the impossibility of gratifying them, and the opprobrium of that punishment which must attend the gratification? But to sacrifice the fear of shame, and, in a certain sense, Virtue itself, to the love of virtue; this is a degree of moral Heroism, of which none are capable but the most exalted souls."

"Well, but prithee now, said *Biribinquier*, explain this matter to me a little more clearly. I am not quite stupid in other respects; but may I be hang'd if I have comprehended a syllable of what you have been saying."

"Our Virtue, replied the Fairy, is then only a merit when it depends upon ourselves, whether to sacrifice or to preserve it. *Lucretia* would never have been held forth as a pattern of chastity, had she reduced young *Tarquin* to an impossibility of attempting her honour. An ordinary virtue might have bolted her chamber door against intruders; the sublime *Lucretia* left her's open. She did more, for she even surrendered herself,



to have an opportunity of testifying to all the world, by the great sacrifice which she made to Virtue, that the slightest stain, which obscured its native lustre, deserved to be obliterated with her blood."

" You see by this instance, my Prince, how highly the refined mode of thinking in great souls is elevated beyond the ideas of those persons, whom we might morally call, " Little folks." To destroy an enchantment which bereft my virtue of its highest value — the liberty and the pleasure of triumphing over difficulties, — it was necessary for me to put myself so frequently in a condition of offending that Virtue, until I should have met with the person who could deliver me from a burden, the bare idea of which is insupportable to my exalted way of thinking. I hope you understand me now ?"—

" O yes, wonderfully well, cried *Biribinquer*: You always explain yourself most intelligibly. But, begging your pardon, I must confess I think you the most singularly finical, delicate, nice lady, that ever eyes beheld."—" What do you say ? answered the beautiful *Undina* with great vivacity ; What ! finical ? me finical

cal did you say? — O my conscience, you must either know me very ill, or else you have never seen a finical lady since the hour you were born. What is it you can find stiff or affectedly formal in my person, manners, dress, or mode of speaking? what awkwardness or constraint — in one word, do you wish me to give you proofs that I am the furthest upon earth from being that fantastick thing you talk of?" —

"*Biribinquer* was equally startled at this unexpected proposition, as at the manner of her demonstrating the seriousness with which she spoke. "Oh, dear Madam, replied he, I shall believe any thing you'd have me. There's no occasion for further proofs; nor can I for the life of me conceive how your Virtue" — "Ha! my Virtue, exclaimed the Fairy! — Why 'tis that very virtue, which requires that I should convince you I am not finical, nor formal, nor affected." — "Well then, retorted *Biribinquer*, if you are not so, I swear to you I am no *Salamander*, nor am I of so fiery a nature —."

"Fie! cried the *Undina*; are not you ashamed to talk so indecently before a woman? — What can have possessed your

brain? Who asks you any thing respecting your nature, or what is it to me whether it be full of fire or cold as frost? This I can assure you, you are a young man void of delicacy, and know not how to address either the ears or the cheeks of a lady. Are you not sensible, that it is a crime to make a woman blush for nothing? — Our Virtue——”

“ Oh, Madam! interrupted *Biribinquer*, I beg of you, mention that word no more: if you did but know how it distorts that pretty mouth of yours—and permit me to tell you, with the utmost delicacy in my power, I apprehend I have done every thing that can be expected from a gentleman, having atchieved a business which has put the valour and patience of fifty thousand Heroes to the proof. Whatever then is left still to do, I give up to the *Salamanders*, *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Fauns*, and *Tritons* of your acquaintance, who are now at full liberty to experience and to exercise your Virtue without any intermission or molestation whatsoever. All I have to request of you, is your protection and my dismissal.”

“ As to your Dismission, replied the charming *Mirabella*, you are entirely at  
your

your own disposal; for you know I never sent for you or desired your coming. But since you demand my Protection, I must not conceal it from you, that your happiness depends upon your own conduct. If you go on at this rate, the protection of all the Fairies in the universe will avail you nothing. Who ever saw a Lover like you?— You ramble about all day long in search of your beloved mistress, and then spend your nights in the arms of another. The next morning your love begins its pursuit again, and the next evening your infidelity again returns. What can be the issue of such a conduct? — Surely your Shepherdess must be a paragon of patience to be satisfied with this new vogue of making Love.” — “ Upon my word, cried the Prince, it’s mighty pretty for you, Madam, to reproach me in this manner. I shall say no more, Madam, but trust me, this eternal Morality of yours, though you are very clever at it, begins to be somewhat tiresome. You had better tell me, how I may deliver my best-loved *Galactina* from the hands of that cursed Giant, who yesterday brought her——”



“ Oh, give yourself no uneasiness about the Giant, said the *Undina*. A rival that picks his teeth with a hedge stake, is not by any means so formidable as you may imagine ; and I know a certain *Gnome*, who, little as he seems, might do you more injury than this *Caraculiamborix*, was he two hundred yards higher than he is. In short, give yourself no concern about any thing, but how to soften your *Shepherdes*. The rest will follow of course : and if you should chance to have any need of my assistance, you have only to break this *Ostrich's Egg* which I now give you, and take my word for it, it will do you full as good service as the Fairy *Crystallina's* Pea-shells.”

No sooner had *Mirabella* uttered these last words than she disappeared, Self, closet, palace and all : as for poor *Biribinquer*, he found himself, without knowing how, in the very spot where the Giant *Caraculiamborix* had surprized him the day before with his fair *Shepherdes*. No creature could be more astonished than he, at the extraordinary things which had befallen him since his flight from the great Bee-hive. He rubbed his eyes, pinched his arms, pulled himself

self by the nose, and would have been glad to inquire of any one, if any one could have told him, whether he was really *Biribinquer*, or whether it was some other wrapped up in his skin. The more he reflected upon the subject, the more likely it seemed to him, that the whole was nothing but a dream: thus for a while he stood fixing himself in this opinion, when suddenly he beheld issuing from amidst the bushes a Huntress, who, to judge by her shape and gait, seemed no other than *Diana* herself. Her robe of green, all over wrought with golden Bees, was tucked up to her knees, and fastened above her bosom by a clasp of Diamonds. Her fair locks were partly tied up with a string of Pearls, and partly flowed in wanton ringlets upon her ivory shoulders. She carried a Javelin in her hand, and a Quiver of Gold hung at her back. "For once however, said *Biribinquer* to himself, I am now sure that this is no dream;" and thus still musing and wondering at this bright Huntress, he insensibly drew so near her as presently to discern it was his dear *Galactina*. Never had she appeared to him so ravishingly beauteous as in this striking dress, which gave her

the air of a Goddess. He instantly forgot all the *Crystallinas* and *Mirabellas* that had ever enchanted him before; he threw himself at her feet, and testified to her in the most lively terms his transport at having found her once again. The beautiful *Galaetina*, however, was more a mistress of his adventures than he could have imagined. "How! said she, (turning away her charming face with a kind of indignation that did but the more heighten her charms) and darest thou again appear before my eyes, after having rendered thyself, by repeated injuries, so unworthy the pardon I had already once granted thee?" — "Divine *Galaetina*, replied *Biribinquer*, let me not be the object of your anger; nor turn from me those eyes, unless you wish me to fall a lifeless victim at your feet." — "Leave me, and silence thy romantick follies, said the fair Huntress; follies which thou art but too well accustomed to lavish upon every new comer. Thou hast never loved *me*, inconsistent creature that thou art! He who loves all, loves none."

"Never, cried *Biribinquer*, with tears in his eyes, never have I loved any other than you. This is a declaration so true,

true, that I could swear every thing which happened to me in a certain Palace, was but a shadow or a dream: At least, I can positively assure you that those heedlessnesses, upon which you pass so harsh a construction, were only wanderings of the senses, in which my heart had not the least share.”—“ A fine distinction truly, replied the Huntress;—and do you call these *Heedlessnesses*? But take my word for it, I will have no concern with any Lover that is subject to such heedlessnesses. I have never studied the Philosophy of *Averroës*; on the contrary, I am a creature of so material and dull a species, that I cannot comprehend how the heart of my Lover can be innocent, when his senses are unfaithful to me.”

“ Pardon me only this once, Madam, said *Biribinquer* sobbing,”—“ Me! I pardon you! interrupted the fair *Galaëtina*, and prithee why should I pardon you?—Look at me then; is it likely that one with a face like mine, can think herself obliged to pardon? or can you think, that, to gain Lovers if I wanted any, I must be as tame and patient as you would have me?—No, trust me, I can choose whenever I please

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from amongst twenty others, who know far better how to value a heart which you thus coolly and deliberately neglect."

These words, though accompanied with a look that at least diminished more than half the severity of them, reduced poor *Biribinquer* to downright despair. "What is it I hear, said he, O cruel fair one; and would you then urge my death?—Cannot my tears avail to move your pity?—No, by all the Divinities I swear, never will I endure that any other than *Biribinquer*—"

"Oh most odious of all monsters! exclaimed *Galactina* in the height of fury;—and dost thou still harrow up my ears with that detested Name, which twice already hath transfixed my very soul? Fly, fly for ever from my sight! or look to endure the most terrible effects of that perpetual hatred, which I have sworn to thee, and thy accursed Name!"

*Biribinquer* trembled, to behold his fair one thus suddenly brought up to the extremity of rage. In the height of his distress, how did he curse the name of *Biribinquer*, and execrate those who had bestowed it on him! In all probability

bility (for we would not positively assert it) he might have dashed his brains against the next Oak he came to, if, lo! at the same instant he had not perceived six *Hogras* \*, which issued from the

\* Authors, who know no better, have presumptuously ventured to assert, that the *Hogra*, *Ogre* or *Oger*, is a species of imaginary monster. We, for a good while, were simple enough to be of the same opinion; and accordingly, at the beginning of Book the fifth, have translated the word, *Hyena* or *Chimæra*. But, on dipping into the elaborate writings of Madame d'Anci, that faithful Historian of the Fairies, how greatly were we surprized and delighted to find the truth burst upon us in the following description, which we cannot withhold from our less intelligent Readers! "The *Ogres*, says she, eat up every body that comes in their way, and are the most terrible race of Beings in the world. When they have once fed upon *fresh meat* (for so they call Man's flesh) they can eat nothing else. They are Half Fairies, very greedy, and never can more hideous figures terrify mankind with a resemblance of human creatures; for they are full as tall as Giants. Each has a Saucer-eye in the middle of the forehead. Their noses are flat and broad. Their ears are like those of an Ass. They go clothed over with Snakes of all colours, shocking to behold! Their hair is like Hog's bristles. They have paws instead of hands, in which they carry great iron clubs. Their skin is pistol proof. They have a large bunch on their body, both before and behind, and

the wood, running towards them, and seized the beauteous Huntress before his eyes. These *Hogras* were of a size more than human. Round their heads and waists they wore great branches of Oak in the form of Garlands, and upon their left shoulder they carried a massive club of steel. Thus equipped, *Biribinquer* found them so formidable, that in spite of all his native valour, he despaired of being able to extricate his beloved mistress from their clutches. In this urgent necessity, he called to mind the Ostrich's Egg which the Fairy *Mirabella* had given him. He broke it trembling, and, as may easily be conceived, was now more than ever astonished to behold the appearance of an infinite number of Nymphs, Tritons, Dolphins, and so forth, which in the twinkling of an eye, grew larger and larger; and some from their Urns, and the rest through their Nostrils, poured forth so prodigious a quantity of water, that in less than a

and they dwell in a very desolate country, thinly inhabited ;"—And we may add, which neither the travelling Jew, nor *Jasen*, nor *Hercules*, nor *Cadmus*, nor *Columbus* ; nor yet *Rogers*, nor *Anson*, nor *Banks*, nor *Solander*, nor any but *Madame d'Anois*, and our Author, ever yet saw and survived.

minute

minute it had formed itself into a Lake bounded only by the Horizon. He found himself seated on the back of a Dolphin, which swam along with him so very gently that the Prince hardly perceived himself to move, while the Nymphs and Tritons that dived and tumbled around him, used all their endeavours to divert him with their musick, and a thousand whimsical and sportive gambols. *Biribinquer*, however, could only keep looking towards the spot where he had been so recently compelled to abandon to the *Hogras* his best-loved *Galaetina*. At length, no longer able to distinguish any objects whithersoever he turned, nor any thing about him but the liquid Element, his affliction became so great, that he was often tempted to plunge himself into the foaming flood: Indeed nothing, in all likelihood, could have prevented him, but his fear of falling into the arms of one of those Nymphs who swam around his Dolphin; which, as he very wisely judged, might easily have tempted him to infringe that eternal fidelity which he had just before sworn to his fair mistress. Nay, so far did he carry his scruples for this once, that he tied up his eyes with a  
filk

filk handkerchief, for fear of being too much affected by those encircling beauties, who by a thousand seducing motions might lay snares for his constancy.

He had now been swimming two hours in this manner without meeting with the least accident, when by chance moving the handkerchief a little to see where he was, he found, to his great satisfaction, that the Nymphs had disappeared; but in return, he discovered something at a great distance issuing from the waves, which seemed to him as it were an huge Mountain. He also perceived that the Lake became very tempestuous, and soon after a furious hurricane arose, accompanied with showers of rain so violent, that it appeared as if another Ocean was tumbling from the clouds.

The cause of this tumult and confusion was a Whale, but such a Whale as is not to be seen or met with every day: For those which are commonly fished for upon the coasts of *Greenland*, are no more in comparison of this we are speaking of, than one of those *Animalculæ* which, by the help of a Microscope, are seen floating by thousands in a single drop of water. Every time  
he



he breathed, (which was once within four hours) he stirred up a tempest, and the floods which spouted from his nostrils, occasioned such heavy rains, that all the adjacent countries were overflowed with them for fifty leagues round. The motion of the Lake was so violent, that *Biribinquer* could no longer keep his seat upon the Dolphin; accordingly he abandoned himself to the waves, and lay as their sport for some time, till at length he was drawn forward by the air inhaled by this prodigious Fish, and in this manner was at last sucked into the body of the monster through one of his wide nostrils. There he kept falling downward for some hours incessantly, without knowing what was to become of him, so great was his giddiness and astonishment of soul! At length, however, he perceived himself to be fallen into a great mass of waters that filled up one of the cavities of the Whale's belly. It was but a small Lake indeed, yet it covered a circumference of between ten and a dozen leagues; and here in all probability must *Biribinquer* have found the end of all his adventures, had he not, by great good luck, dropped so near the shore of an Island, that he  
had

had but about two hundred paces to swim before he could reach firm ground.

Necessity, the mother of all arts, taught him to swim this once, and the only time he had ever swam since the hour he was born. Luckily for him he reached land, and after having seated himself for a little while upon a Rock, which like all other Rocks was of stone, but at the same time as soft as a pillow, he amused himself while his clothes lay drying in the sun, with breathing a delicious odour conveyed to him over the adjacent country from a little Forest of Cinnamon trees that extended itself towards the coast. His clothes dried, and being curious to see the country, and inform himself whether it was inhabited, and by whom, he descended from the Rock the moment he found his spirits a little recruited, and travelled for about half an hour through the Forest. — At length he arrived at a large garden, in which every species of tree, shrub, plant, flower and herb in the known world, grew and blossomed around him in charming confusion and disorder. Art lay so concealed in the arrangement of this Garden, that the whole appeared  
only

only as a sport and pastime of wanton Nature. Here and there he discerned Nymphs of dazzling beauty, lying under the shade of fragrant thickets, or reclined in cool Grottos, pouring through their urns little rivulets that ran meandering through the wondrous scene, and while in some places they spurted forth in Fountains, in others they fell dashing in Cascades, or met together in Basons surrounded with marble of every sort and colour. These Basons swarmed as it were with all kinds of fishes, which, contrary to the custom of creatures of their species, sung so melodiously, that *Biribinquer* stood quite enraptured at the sound. In particular he admired a Carp, which chanted the finest treble in the world, trilling forth such extatick Quavers, as might have done honour to the first *Castrati* in *Italy* \*. The Prince listened to him a long time with great pleasure; but as all these wonders served only to excite his curiosity the more, he determined to know who this Enchanted Island belonged to, and whether, as he supposed, he was really in a subterraneous world or no. To this end he

\* *Fuimus Romani; at nunc.* — See the Roman History, and “The present state of *Italy*.”

put several questions to these fishes ; “ for, said he to himself, as they sing so well, in all probability they can talk still better.” The fishes, however, kept on their singing, without giving him any answer, or seeming to pay the least attention to any thing he said.

Accordingly he gave it up, and pursued his journey, till at length he came to a large Kitchen-garden. Here every plant and vegetable seemed to grow abundantly, and in the greatest perfection, without the least culture. While he was endeavouring to strike out a path-way in this kind of wilderness as well as he could, he chanced to hit his right foot against a large *Pompion*, that nearly in size resembled the prominent belly of a *Chinese* Mandarin, and which he had not taken notice of before, as it lay blended with its broad leaves.

“ Signior *Biribinquer*! said the *Pompion*, another time, pray, be kind enough to look a little before you, and take care how you stumble over the paunch of an honest *Pompion*.” — “ I humbly beg your pardon, my friend *Pompion*, replied *Biribinquer* ; upon my word it was not done designedly, and I certainly should have been more cautious, could I have supposed,



supposed, that the *Pompions* of this Island had been personages of that importance which I now see they are. I am rejoiced, however, that this little accident introduces me to the pleasure of your acquaintance ; for now I hope you will be so obliging as to inform me where I am, and what I am to think of all that I see and hear in this new scene of abode ?”

“ Prince *Biribinquer*, replied the *Pompion*, your presence is too agreeable to my wishes, to suffer me to neglect so favourable an opportunity of rendering you, with the greatest pleasure, every little service in my power. Know then that you are now in the belly of a Whale, and this Island——” —“ In the belly of a Whale ? exclaimed *Biribinquer*,—this exceeds every thing that has happened to me yet. Look ye, *Pompion*, I swear to you, from this moment, nothing in the world shall ever surprize me again. Egad ! if one may find air, and water, and islands, and gardens, and as it seems to me, even a Sun, Moon and Stars in a Whale’s belly :—if the Rocks are as soft as cushions ; if the Fishes sing like Nightingales, and even *Pompions* can talk——” —“ Oh, but stop, cried the



the *Pompion* in his turn,—as to this last matter, you'll please to observe, I am peculiarly distinguished from all other *Pompions*, *Cucumbers* and *Melons* in the whole garden; and you might safely walk over or tread upon a hundred of them without squeezing out a single syllable."—"Well then, I beg your pardon again, said the Prince."—"There's no need of that, replied *Pompion*, I assure you, I should have been very sorry if this accident had not happened to me. I have long since my being here expected your coming, and was beginning to despair of ever seeing this fortunate event: for believe me, to any one not born to be a *Pompion*, 'tis a very tedious circumstance to lie so for two hundred years together as I have done, especially when one is fond of conversation, and has been used to good company. At last, however, the time is come for you to avenge me of that cursed *Padmanaba*."—"What do you say about *Padmanaba*? said *Biribinquer*; are you speaking of that Enchanter who turned the beautiful *Crystallina* into a Chamber-pot, and condemned the more beautiful *Mirabella* to become a Crocodile every time she endeavoured to put her  
Virtue

Virtue to the proof?"—"This question of yours, replied the *Pompion*, assures me I was not deceived in taking you for the Prince *Biribinquer*; I can see from thence, that more than half of this old Wretch's enchantments are already dissolved, and that the moment of my own deliverance is come."—"What then, demanded *Biribinquer*, have you any complaint to lay against him?"

"I ask your pardon, replied *Pompion*, if this question makes me laugh, (and laugh indeed did he most heartily, so long and so loud, that by reason of his short breath, a consequence of his big belly, he fell into a violent fit of coughing for a great while before he could recover his voice) Why, don't you observe then, continued he, that I must certainly be a something better than I appear to be?—Did not *Mirabella* tell you, any thing of a certain *Salamander*, who had the honour of being surprized by old *Padmanaba* under certain circumstances?"—"Yes, yes, said *Biribinquer*, she did; I remember she told me of a certain sprightly lover who entertained and engrossed her mind with the sublime Mysteries of the Philosophy of *Averroës*, in such a manner, that she  
paid

paid no attention to certain little Experiments; and that just in the interim—  
—“ Softly, softly, cried the *Pompion*, I see you know more of the matter than you needed to have known. I am that *Salamander*, that *Flox*, who, as I told you, and as you knew before, was fortunate enough to make the charming *Mirabella* some amends for those tedious nights she was obliged to spend with the old Enchanter. The abovementioned scene, at which he had the stupidity to be present as a spectator, without being invited, threw him into a kind of despair, yet was not sufficient to cure him of his ridiculous and ill-placed passion. His palace and every other place of abode, of which he had his choice in whatever element he pleased, now became odious to him. He no longer put any confidence either in Mortals or Immortals. *Gnomes*, *Sylphs*, *Tritons*, *Salamanders*, all alike became objects of mistrust and suspicion; nor could he think himself any where secure, but in some solitude utterly inaccessible. After having formed many projects, which he almost as instantly rejected, at length he took it into his head to retire into the belly of this Whale, where, as he supposed, no crea-  
ture

ture would come to seek after him. Here, by the help of the *Salamanders*, he built him a Palace, and then, to prevent their betraying him, he changed them, as well as myself, into so many *Pompions*, on condition so to remain, until Prince *Biribinquer* should come in person, and restore us to our former shape. I was the only one to whom he indulged the use of reason and speech; the former of which, he supposed, would only serve to torment me with the remembrance of my lost felicity; and the latter to enable me to utter many a vain Oh, or Alas! and waste my spirits in mournful Soliloquies. However, for once this sagacious villain is caught out with a vengeance, for, unfavourable as the figure and organism of a *Pompion* may seem for making observations, 'tis by no means ill-adapted for reasonings and arguments *à priori*; and besides, in the course of a hundred years, one gets at many things by degrees that tend either to confirm our Hypotheses pre-conceived, or lead us onward to new discoveries. In short, I am not so ignorant of the slightest motions of Signior *Padmanaba*, as perhaps he may imagine me to be; and I



flatter myself I can give you such hints as may enable you to render all his precautions vain and fruitless."

"I shall esteem myself infinitely obliged to you, replied the Prince; for I feel within me a singular propensity to play old *Padmanaba* some shrewd turn. 'Tis certainly the influence of my stars that inclines me so, for I cannot say that in my life he ever personally offended me." "What! said the Pompion, is it not a sufficient offence, to have been the sole cause why the great *Caramussal*, who dwells on the summit of mount *Atlas*, should have given you the name of *Biribinquer*?—A name, which already hath been so fatal to your interest with your beauteous Milkmaid?"—"And is old *Padmanaba* then the cause of my being called *Biribinquer*?" cried the Prince full of astonishment. I beseech you, explain to me a little, the connection of all this business; for I protest to you, I have often puzzled my brain to no end, in order to learn, if possible, the mystery of a name, to which, as it hitherto seems, I am indebted for all my extraordinary adventures. But in particular I should be glad to know whence it comes to pass, that wherever I am, or  
whoever



whoever I meet, even the very Pompions, all know my name; and every body, the moment I appear, is as well acquainted with all the circumstances of my history, as if it were written upon my forehead."

“ I am not yet permitted, replied the *Pompion*, to satisfy your curiosity on this head. Let it suffice to say, that it intirely depends upon you, to inform yourself further, after what I shall tell you. The greatest difficulty of all is now surmounted. *Padmanaba* certainly never imagined you would find him out in his Whale’s belly.”—“ And I must sincerely confess to you, interrupted *Biribinquer*, I had it still less in my idea than he; and you will allow he has at least done all he could to avoid his destiny. But you just now mentioned something of a palace that this old Man had built in this island by the assistance of the *Salamanders*. We are now, I suppose, in the gardens belonging to that palace; but how is it, I can see nothing of the edifice?”—“ The reason, answered *Pompion*, is a very simple one. You would infallibly see it, if it was not invisible.” “ Invisible! cried *Biribinquer*. But I hope, at least it is not impalpable

F 2

too?”

too?"—"No, replied *Flox*; but, as it is built of compacted Flames——"

"How! interrupted *Biribinquer*—this is a mighty odd kind of palace: But pray now, granting it to be built of flames, how can it be invisible?"—

"That, said the *Pompion*, is the very point in which the wonder consists. In short, whether it be possible or not, the circumstance is no less true: You will never be able to see the palace, at least in your present condition; but all you have to do is to walk on for about two hundred paces, and then the heat you will feel, will soon convince you of the truth of what I have told you."

The extraordinary things *Biribinquer* had already seen in the Whale's belly (and who indeed would expect any thing less than extraordinary in the belly of a Whale?) might naturally be supposed to make him the more readily give credit to all he had heard. For this once, however, he was so head strong, that he would trust nobody but his own self, and his own senses. Accordingly he advanced towards the invisible palace; but no sooner had he got about two hundred paces on his way, than he felt a prodigious heat increasing at every step.

step. The farther he proceeded, the more did the heat and a certain invisible radiance rise upon him. He therefore thought it best to return, and look for his friend the *Pompion*; who the moment he heard his foot-steps, cried out, "Well, Prince *Biribinquer*, will you trust my word for the future? I hope you are now fully satisfied that nothing in nature can be more consistent, than for a palace of flames to be inaccessible and invisible, merely from the force of its radiance and splendor."

"In truth, replied *Biribinquer*, I can more easily conceive this, than how I shall be able to get into that same palace: But I must tell thee, I feel within myself an irresistible desire to enter it; and was it to cost me my life, I could readily ——" "It will not cost you so much, interrupted the *Pompion*. If you will but follow my directions, the palace will become visible to you, and you shall enter it with as much safety as if it were a cottage of thatch. The method of doing so is very simple, and will cost you no more than a single leap." — "Don't keep me so long with your Enigmas, *Pompion*, cried *Biribinquer*; tell me in one word, what I am to do.

Let the enterprize be difficult or not, you see me here ready to hazard every thing in the world to get within side a Palace invisible from its very lustre."

"Within sixty paces of this spot, replied the *Pompion*, just behind those Pomegranate trees, in a little labyrinth composed of Jasmines and Rose-bushes, you will find a Bason distinguished from the rest that lie round it, only by its being filled with fire, whereas the others are full of water. Go, Prince, and plunge yourself into that bason; and then, in a quarter of an hour, return and tell me the effect which your bathing has upon you."

"Nothing but this! exclaimed the Prince, (with a voice and air that expressed rather more vexation than contempt); why, *Pompion*, methinks thou art only trifling with me.—And so then I am to bathe myself first in a flood of fire, and after a quarter of an hour's stay there, am to return and tell thee what effect I feel from it? Prithee now, who ever heard of a scheme so extravagant as this?"—"Don't be angry, Prince, said *Pompion*, it is at your own option, whether you choose to enter the invisible Palace or no; and had you not  
not

not seemed so determined upon the subject, I should never have thought of making you such a proposal."

"Monsieur *Pompion*, replied *Biribinquer*, I perceive you are inclined to divert yourself at my expence: but let me tell you, I am not at present in a humour to be made your laughing-stock. I have no desire to enter the Palace in the character of a departed spirit."—

"Nor do I wish you, said the *Pompion*, briskly. This bath of fire which I propose to you, Prince *Biribinquer*, is not so dangerous as you may imagine. *Padmanaba* himself makes use of it every third day, and without it he would be as little capable of inhabiting a fiery Palace as yourself. For though, excepting the great *Caramussal* who dwells on the summit of mount *Atlas*, he is the greatest and most powerful Enchanter upon earth; yet is he of a nature and origin as terrestrial as your own. Was it not for the use of this bath, which is one of the profoundest secrets of his art, he would be incapable of enjoying that small particle of happiness which he at present enjoys, or at least seems so to do, in the company of that fair and beautiful *Salamander* whom he keeps



locked up in his palace—And you may guess for yourself, whether the possession which a *Tithonus* is capable of sharing with his *Aurora*, deserves to be called an Enjoyment.”—“What then, said *Biribinquer*, has he a *Salamandra* with him?”—“Why not? replied *Pompion*; do you suppose he would shut himself up in a Whale’s belly for nothing?”

—“But is she very beautiful? continued *Biribinquer*.”—“Why surely, replied the *Pompion*, if you are capable of asking such a question, you can never have seen a female *Salamander*. Need you be told that the most beautiful of mortals is but a mere Dowdy in comparison of our Belles?—Though indeed I know an *Undina*, that in point of beauty may well enter the lists with the fairest *Salamander* of them all:—But then, you are to observe, there is but one *Mirabella* amongst the whole race of *Undinæ*.” “Well then, cried the Prince, if that is all, and if old *Padmanaba*’s *Salamandra* is not fairer than *Mirabella*, you might have excused yourself the trouble of depreciating the mortal beauties. I own to you that *she* has charms; but I know a certain Milkmaid.”—“Of whom, said the *Pompion* with a sneer,

sneer, you are so enamoured, that you presently swore to *Mirabella*, you had never *seen* her\*. The cause is best known by its effects, and if one was inclined to judge of your passion upon this principle——”

“Why, upon my soul! exclaimed *Biribinquer* full of impatience, surely you think I am come hither for nothing else but to learn Philosophy from a *Pompion*! Tell me rather how I may get into that invisible Palace; which, unless I do, I shall die with vexation. But prithee now, is there no other method but you must want to see me broiled like a Rasher in that cursed bath of fire?”—“What an odd creature you are! cried the *Pompion*. I have already told you once, how highly it concerned my own interests that you should enter the invisible palace; where, to judge from circumstances, one of the most extraordinary adventures in the world awaits you. Can you suppose then, that I am a *Pompion* here for my own amusement, and that I do not wish as soon as possible to be set free from this devilish clumsy belly that sits so ill upon a spirit of my lively and

\* See Page 63, of this Volume.

speculative turn? I repeat it to you, that unless you choose to perish in the flames, you have no other way of getting into the Palace, but through the fiery bath I have proposed to you. Sooner than die with impatience, as you talked of, you ought at least to try, were it only for a few minutes. Were you even to perish (though I can warrant you to the contrary) it is but meeting with one kind of death instead of another, which by the way, will come when it will come."—"Well, well, said *Biribinquer*, we shall see what's to be done. Perhaps I ought not to repose so much confidence in you as I now do; but my fate is stronger than my reason. I go then; and if in a quarter of an hour you hear nothing of me, even resign yourself patiently to remain a *Pompion*, till old *Padmanaba* shall cease of his own accord to be plagued with love, or stung by jealousy."

So saying, the Prince made *Pompion* a very low bow, and advanced towards the Labyrinth, in which he was to look for his fiery bath. There he found a large circular basin, the borders of which were edged with large square stones of solid Diamond. In the basin  
was

was a vast quantity of fire, which, without being fed by any visible matter, mounted up in serpentine columns, resembling flashes of lightning, and continually touched without burning them, the Rose-bushes that formed a kind of arbour round about the basin. In these wonderous flames were beheld innumerable colours, which varied every moment; and instead of smoke, a tepid, invisible exhalation, replete with the most delicious odors, diffused itself on every side. *Biribinquer* stood for some time considering this prodigy, in a state of irresolution, that redounded but little honour to a Hero of the Fairies, and in all probability still might he have stood on the edge of the basin, had not some power unseen, plunged him quite unexpectedly into the midst of the flames. So great was his terror at the event, that it hindered him from crying out; but the moment he perceived that the fire he was in did not even burn a single hair of his head, and instead of putting him to any pain, rather pervaded his whole frame with a delightful sensation of glowing warmth, he soon recovered from his fright, and became so pleased with his situation, that he lay beating the

flaming waves with his hands and feet, like a fish in common water. Nor is it at all unlikely, but he might have exceeded the time prescribed in so delicious a bath, had not the heat, which every moment increased upon him, obliged him to retire. He accordingly made the best of his way out; but what was his astonishment, on finding himself so light and so immaterial, that, like a Zephyr, he scarce touched the earth! and what completed his joy, was to discover in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the Palace in question, whose lustre and beauty surpassed all that the human eye had hitherto ever been able to behold. He stood for some time in a manner beside himself, and the first clear idea that struck his mind, when he recovered the power of thinking, was to represent to himself, those splendors and that beauty which a palace so magnificent must contain. For Diamonds and Rubies seemed no more than the commonest street pebbles, if compared with the materials of which this brilliant mansion was composed; nor did he doubt but the fair *Salamandra*, in comparison with all the other beauties he had ever yet known, would appear just as this structure now appeared



appeared in comparison with the other ordinary Palaces of the Fairies, which are thought to be built very sumptuously, when their walls are made of Diamonds and Emeralds, the ceiling of Rubies, and the floors of Pearl, and so forth:— And yet all this could only have furnished out a mean Hovel or Cottage, compared with this Palace of flaming fire.

With his head full of these ideas, *Biribinquer* insensibly approached the Palace, and had already crossed the first court, whose resplendent gate instantly opened to him of its own accord; when suddenly he recollected that the *Pompion* had expressly told him, he must come back and find him out again, after having bathed himself in the fiery basin. “ Probably, said he to himself, he may have some instructions to give me, without which it might be dangerous to venture my person in such a building; and since I have hitherto met with so good success from his instructions, it would neither be prudent nor grateful, were I to think of having no farther need of his assistance. Who will say, after this, that he shall never be in such a condition as to want the good counsel of a *Pompion*, when

when even a Prince may find himself in a situation to require it?"

Accordingly, *Biribinquer* retired very softly, and not without fear of being discovered, to seek his friend the *Pompion*. "So, so! cried *Pompion* as he drew nigh, I see the bath has had a wonderful effect upon you. O my conscience, you look charmingly; I swear by the virtue of my dearest *Mirabella*, that in the condition you now appear, no *Salamandra* in the world could resist you a single minute. But what is to become of your fidelity to the Milkmaid?" — "My dear *Pompion*, said *Biribinquer*, notwithstanding the great regard I have for thee in other respects, I must tell thee, that in my present mood, fresh from the bath as thou seest me, thou wouldst do better to be more sparing of such impertinent remonstrances." — "Oh! I beg your pardon, replied *Pompion*, I only meant to say—" — "Very well, interrupted the Prince; I know what you meant to say, and I tell you in answer, that without your exhortations, which imply an offensive diffidence of my firmness, I think myself as secure against the united charms of your fiery beauties, as I could be in the midst

midst of the most ugly She-Gnomes; and that merely from the recollection of my divine Milkmaid."—"We shall see, said the *Pompion*, whether you will keep up to these generous sentiments; I have as good an opinion of you as can possibly be, after all that befel you lately in a certain Palace; but at the same time I cannot conceal it from you, that I perceive your fidelity to be in very great jeopardy, if you enter into the luminous mansion before you. It still depends upon yourself, whether you will run the hazard of it or no. Think well of the matter, or else——"

"Friend *Pompion*, cried *Biribinquer* in a pet, I see thou hast the same strange propensity to reasoning, as the virtuous and affected Lady, thy beloved *Mirabella* is plagued with. Prithee, why wouldst thou have me bathe myself as I have done, if I must not go into the Palace?—But once for all, my friend, put yourself into no concern about my fidelity; rather instruct me what I have to do when I get there."—"That requires very little instruction, replied the *Pompion*, for you will meet with no sort of resistance: Every door will spontaneously open itself before you, and should  
you

you chance to have any thing to fear, it can only arise from your own heart, as I told you before,—though you are not very fond of hearing it.” —“ But with what kind of countenance dost thou think old *Padmanaba* will receive me?” demanded the Prince.” —“ Why, replied the *Pompion*, if we may give a guess from the motion of the stars, it is now midnight, a time at which the old fellow is generally in a sound sleep. But supposing he should wake, still you have nothing to fear from his anger. ’Tis not all his power can cope against the magical virtues of your name; and if one may judge by the advantages you have already gained over him, you may undoubtedly hope to be equal successful on the present occasion.”

“ Let come what will, cried *Biribinquer*, I am resolved to try the adventure of this invisible Castle; for certainly it could not be without some good reason, that I am thus strangely cooped up in a Whale’s belly. Well, *Pompion*, good night to you till I see you again.”

“ Much good luck be with thee, valiant and lovely *Biribinquer*! cried the loquacious *Pompion*. May prosperity still attend thy steps, thou flower and ornament

ornament of all Faery-Knights! and may the great adventure on which thou art marching with so much intrepidity and courage, meet with such an issue as never Tale recorded since the first existence of Fairies, and Nurses, in the whole universal world. Go, wise Son of a King, whither thy destiny impells thee; but take heed of neglecting the advice of a *Pompion*, who is not only thy friend, but perhaps penetrates into futurity with far more sagacity than any Almanack-maker in all Christendom."

*Pompion* was so taken up with this fine parting harangue, that he did not perceive the Prince had got through the first court of the Palace before he had done speaking. *Biribinquer*, for his part, had at present no other concern or attention, but for the adventure which awaited him; and his imagination, which had been already exalted by the use of the fiery bath, represented the beautiful *Salamandra* whom he hoped to see, as arrayed in such irresistible charms, that he could not help wishing, for this once only, that he might have a dispensation for being unfaithful to his dear Milkmaid. While he went on thinking in this manner, he advanced through  
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the second court, and came to a vestibule or large entry, in which his ears were instantly attacked with a prodigious noise and clatter. He stopped a while to listen; at length he distinguished the shrill voices of females, who seemed to be in high dispute and contention; and, being naturally very curious, he could not resist a desire of seeing who these agreeable voices belonged to. He opened the door of a large and superb hall; but what was his amazement on beholding the room filled with a group of at least fifty of the ugliest little She-Dwarfs, that ever could have been caricatured even by the burlesque imagination of a *Hogarth* or a *Calot*.

Poor *Biribinquer* at the first sight, thought all Witches' Bedlam was broke loose upon him, and into a fit he certainly must have fell, had not these strange whimsical figures at the same time made him burst into an immoderate horse laugh. These charming Nymphs, who were neither more nor less than *Gnomides*, and the youngest of them at least about eighty years old, no sooner perceived him than they all ran up towards him as fast as their crooked legs could

could carry them. "Ha! Prince *Biribinquer*, cried one of the ugliest, you are just come in right time to decide a dispute which had almost set us to pulling of caps."—"I hope, said *Biribinquer*, you are not quarrelling which is the prettiest of the company."—"Why not?" replied the *Gnomide*, you have nick'd the question to a needle's point. But only think of it, my handsome Prince; after having got all the rest of them to give me the preference of the whole company, in point of beauty, this ill-favoured thing here, this puny Pagoda, has the face to dispute the Golden Apple with me."—"Oh agreeable young Prince! cried the Lady accused, (pinching him by the calves of his legs, which it seems was one of her methods of caressing); I boldly venture to refer the decision of the matter to you. Look well at us both, consider us feature for feature, and then pronounce according to your conscience;—perhaps I should flatter myself too much, were I to add, according to the emotions of your heart."—"Prince *Biribinquer*, said the first female orator, is it easily to be conceived how impudence can be carried to such a height? In the first place, she is but a whole

whole inch indeed shorter than I, and you will agree with me perhaps that this is not an object. As to her Hump, I hope mine will never be ashamed to appear in the same list with hers—and my Feet, as you see, are full as broad, and at least two good inches longer than hers are. I know indeed she makes a great ado and parade about the width and blackness of her Neck and bosom; but yet, continued she, turning aside her handkerchief, you will allow that mine, tho' not quite of the same circumference, is at least infinitely darker than hers.” —“ Granted, cried the other; I give up to you so frivolous an advantage, while convinced as I am, of having the superiority in every other point whatever.”

“ You laugh, my dear Prince *Biribinquer*, and indeed, nothing can be more laughable than this homely Puss's vanity. I am ashamed of being obliged to praise myself; but only look and see how much crookeder, and more distorted my Legs are than any she can boast of. I shall say nothing to you of other respects. He must be blind with a vengeance, who cannot see at the first look, that my Eyes are much smaller, and more sunk by half than hers; that my Cheeks

too

too are above twice as much puffed out, and my lower lip is thicker, and hangs down much lower than her skinny dew-lap: not to mention the preferable length of my Ears, and that I have at least five or six more warts and wens in my face, with longer hairs sticking out of them than she. But setting all this aside for a moment, let us now speak of the Nose only. 'Tis true, hers is one of the largest that ever eyes beheld, and might indeed be thought the handsomest that ever sneezed, by any body that had not seen mine: but all we have to do, is to measure them, and then see whether my nose is not at least five or six inches longer, and does not hang much lower beneath my mouth than hers. Modesty does not permit me, added she, with a horribly tender ogle, to talk to you respecting other beauties, which none but a happy lover ought to see. However, I hope—" "Madam, cried *Biribinquer*, the moment his loud bursts of laughter would suffer him to speak, "I should not choose absolutely to set myself up for a Connoisseur; but really, your friend is only trifling with us, if she thinks of disputing with you the superiority in point of beauty. The advantage which

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which you have over her is palpable, and it is impossible for the good-sense of Messieurs the *Gnomes*, not to do you all imaginable justice on that head."

At hearing this decision, the former *Gnomide* seemed a good deal chagrined and angry. However, as *Biribinquer* now burned with impatience to see the beautiful *Salamandra*, he gave himself very little concern what she muttered from betwixt her long teeth; but, wishing the whole charming Assembly a good evening, took his leave of them. Instead of any reply, they were heard bursting out into loud fits of laughter—a matter indeed, perfectly indifferent to the Prince, who now beheld before him the Palace, whose incomparable beauties drew all his attention. After having considered and admired it for some time, he perceived the two folding doors in the front fly open; a circumstance which he naturally took for a sign that his enterprize would be crowned with all imaginable success. Accordingly, full of courage and high in hope, he entered, and after ascending a stair-case, found himself in a large Anti-chamber, which led him on to a long suite of apartments, whose splendour dazzled, and almost

almost dimmed his sight, notwithstanding the change which the fiery bath had operated in his constitution.

But, diversified and extraordinary as were those fine things which shone on all sides around him—all were forgotten, and his whole mind absorbed by certain pictures, which in every one of the rooms were hung up to represent a young female *Salamander* of incomparable beauty. He had not a moment's doubt, but that this was old *Padmanaba's* beloved mistress; and the Copies before him, which exhibited her in every attitude imaginable, under every mode of dress, and in every possible point of view—sometimes awake, sometimes asleep; now like *Diana*, and now like *Venus*, *Hebe*, *Flora*, or some other Goddess,—All this gave him so great an idea of the Original, that even in the bare expectation of his happiness to come, he felt an extasy of rapture. But especially was he caught, and scarcely could he enough feast his eyes with contemplating one large picture, in which she was represented sitting in a Bath of flames, and served by little Gods of love, who at sight of her supernatural beauty, seemed as it were beside themselves.

themselves. *Biribinquer* was at a loss which he should most admire,—whether the beauty of the object, or the great skill of the painter. At length he acknowledged, that in point of colourings, *Titian* and *Rembrandt* were no more than mere dawbers, compared with the *Salamandrian* painters. The impression which this picture made upon him was so strong, that he now wished with more impatience than ever to behold the object, whose inanimate copy alone, was thus capable of inspiring him with such irresistible desires. He ran therefore through an infinite number of rooms, but without meeting a single creature: He hunted and ransacked the whole Palace above and below, and several times over; but all still in vain, not a soul could he find. At length, however, he espied a door standing half-open, which led him out to one of the most extraordinary Gardens that ever was seen. All the Trees, Plants, Flowers, Arbours, and Fountains in this Garden, were of fire; every vegetable in it burned in natural colours, and with a lustre so agreeable and so vivid, that really the effect of the whole together, surpassed

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in magnificence every thing that imagination can form or mind conceive.

*Biribinquer* cast but a cursory transient look upon this majestick spectacle; perceiving a pavillion at the bottom of the Garden, in which he hoped to find his beautiful *Salamandra*. He flew thither, and the door opened to him of its own accord, giving the Prince a free passage through a large Saloon into a cabinet at the farther end, in which he saw nobody but an old Man of a majestick appearance, with a long beard white as snow, who was lying in a deep sleep upon a superb Sopha. The Prince had no doubt but this must be old *Padmanaba* himself; and though he was sure he had no violence to fear on his part, yet could he not help trembling a little on finding himself in such a state of mind, and with such intentions too as he now had, so near the Enchanter, and in a place entirely at the old Man's disposal. However, the idea, that Fate had made choice of him to destroy *Padmanaba's* Enchantments, and a desire of seeing the beauteous *Salamandra*, made him pluck up his courage, and dare all events. He was just about to approach the Sopha, in order to make himself



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master of a Sabre that lay upon a pillow by the old Man's side, when something, which he had not hitherto perceived, seemed to hit against his foot. He stopped a moment, and feeling about with his hands, discovered one of the most charming little feet in the world, that lay stretched along upon another pillow. So unexpected an event made him curious to know the leg to which this delicate foot belonged: for in this case, *Biribinquer* reasoned as *Thomas Aquinas* himself would have done, viz. "Where there is a foot there, according to the common course of nature, we may rationally expect to find a leg." He accordingly pursued his investigations, and at length, passing from beauty to beauty, discovered in the invisible figure before him a young Lady, who seemed buried in a profound slumber, and (judging by the only sense that indicated to him the presence of this person) must be of such perfect beauty, that she could be no other than *Venus* herself, or at least the charming *Salamandra*. At the very instant of his making this discovery, a lively symphony, composed of all kinds of musical instruments, was heard around him, though there was  
no

no seeing either the musicians or instruments from whence such ravishing harmony could proceed.

*Biribinquer* was struck with terror, and retired trembling to some distance from the fair Invisible; for his first idea was, that this noise would certainly wake the Enchanter. We may easily judge then, how much greater his consternation must be, when on looking up he beheld that *Padmanaba* was vanished and gone!

The Enchanter, it seems, was old enough to be prudent. He had now for a good while known how formidable to him *Biribinquer* would one day be; and his fear of a Prince, who seemed born on purpose to break his Enchantments, had been his most powerful motive for fixing his place of abode in the belly of a Whale. But still, even in this Asylum, he did not think that himself and his fair *Salamandra*, who now constituted the sole object of his cares, were sufficiently secure. And as a certain foresight (or as some would say, second sight) had told him that *Biribinquer* might possibly follow his steps even into the Whale's belly, he thought he could not use too much precaution for avoiding those



those evils with which the sudden appearance of so dangerous an adversary threatened him. In this view he had armed his beloved mistress with a mystical species of Talisman, which had the two-fold quality of rendering her invisible to all eyes but his own, and of producing a magical composition of musick the moment it should be touched. For old *Padmanaba* reasoned with himself in this manner: "If *Biribinquer*, notwithstanding every difficulty, should come into the belly of the Whale, and even into this palace, yet still would the beautiful *Salamandra* be invisible to him. And if, in spite of her very invisibility, he should find her out—this musical Larum, at the instant he touches the Talisman, will certainly betray his presence, and give *Padmanaba* sufficient time to prevent his dreaded Catastrophe" This precaution was the more necessary, as the poor honest old fellow had for several years past been subject to a kind of Lethargy, which obliged him to sleep and doze at least sixteen hours every day. The ill opinion he had of the fair sex, after the various tricks his former mistresses had played him, induced him every time he went to sleep,

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to bury the fair *Salamandra* in an enchanted slumber, from which none but himself could awaken her. *Biribinquer* alone might otherwise, upon certain conditions, and in certain circumstances, have had the same power, and *Padmanaba* (such was the will of fate) would at the same moment have lost all his power—at least over the beauteous *Salamandra*. As all this then might easily have happened while the old Man was taking his nap, he had applied the Talisman which was to waken him, with so much judgement, that *Biribinquer*, (even if we suppose him to have had but a very moderate share of curiosity) could not absolutely fail of finding it.”

HERE Don *Sylvio* could not help interrupting the thread of Don *Gabriel's* narration, by begging of him to explain himself a little more clearly respecting the Talisman. “Methinks, said he, contrary to your usual custom, you have been a little mysterious for some time; and I must confess to you, I have not understood half of what you have been saying, with regard to this waking of old *Padmanaba*.” The whole company, not excepting even the fair *Jacintha*,

smiled to hear a remark like this urged by Don *Sylvio* so very gravely; and Don *Gabriel* knew no other way how to extricate himself, than by observing to Don *Sylvio* that the whole mystery, of which he complained, was in the matter itself; and that, generally speaking, there were but few Faery-tales so clear and intelligible from one end to the other, as a body might wish them to be. Don *Sylvio* seemed satisfied with this reply, and Don *Gabriel* resumed his History in the following manner:

“The moment after *Biribinquer* had discovered, that the beautiful foot, which occasioned this adventure, belonged to so fair a Lady, and instantly, upon his touching the fatal Talisman, the musick, we have already spoken of, began to strike up, and old *Padmanaba* started from his sleep. He did not, as may easily be imagined, look upon the Prince with the most favourable eye; but, as open force could avail him nothing against such an opponent, no other way was left him, than to render himself immediately invisible, and to use all possible diligence to prevent the design, which he might very well suppose the Prince, to have in view against him.

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The Prince, who in proper time and place was not deficient in courage, had, during this interval, recovered from the first confusion into which the invisible concert and *Padmanaba's* sudden disappearance had thrown him: And dangerous as it might seem to be over-curious in such a place, he determined however to know what was become of the old Sorcerer. He accordingly went in search of him through all the Rooms, and pried into every hole and corner of the Palace, first taking the precaution of furnishing himself with the Sabre which *Padmanaba* had left behind him, and upon both sides of which he found so many Talismanick figures engraved, that thus armed, he would not have been afraid even of the Enchanter *Martin* himself. At last, however, being unable to trace out the old Man (or whoever it was) he no longer doubted but that *Padmanaba* had decamped, abandoning both the Palace and his fair one to his Royal Highness's discretion. Full of this idea, *Biribinquer* returned in triumph, threw the Sabre upon the Sopha, and himself at the feet of the lovely *Invisible*; whom, to his great satisfaction, he found still asleep, though the musick,

resulting from the Talisman he had touched, kept continually playing on, sometimes a fine *Allegro*, and at others an affecting *Andante*; pieces, that in fact could not have been more exquisite, had they even been composed by *Jomelli* himself. We cannot pretend to specify, whether it was owing to the influence of one of these *Andantes*, or whether (as is often the case) it proceeded from any doubt that arose in his mind, as to the sufficiency of testimony that might result from the only sense left him in this circumstance, or as to the certainty of that incomparable beauty lying on the Sopha's being any thing more than a mere illusion (a matter, nothing extraordinary in an enchanted Palace)—I say, we cannot pretend to assert, whether we are to attribute, to one or other of these causes, the pains which *Biribinquer* took to assure himself of the truth of so unusual a phenomenon, by renewing his late investigations. However, so it was; and soon after, new and fresh experiments were super-added;—and all these, as well as the most violent concomitant symptoms of a passion, which presently rose to the highest pitch of Enthusiasm and intoxication of the senses, no longer allowed



allowed him to doubt, but that he had the beauteous *Salamandra* within his arms;—that very identical She, whose visible form, found in the apartments of the Palace, had so transported him. This idea, and the enchanting glow of colours with which his memory supplied the imperfection of the fifth sense, — the only one now at his command—put him too far beside himself, to allow him at this juncture any recollection of his beloved Milkmaid, his quondam firm resolutions, or all the *Pompion's* grave exhortations. In a word, he became more and more enterprizing; and the obscurity of the room, which gradually increased, and which he took for an encouragement to his enterprize, joined to the musick of the Talisman, which grew more and more tender and pathetick; all this can hardly be thought very well calculated to moderate his transports — [Here we find a small Hiatus or Chasm in the original of this memorable History, which therefore we must leave to the *Scriblerus's* and *Bentley's* of the age to fill up, not caring to hazard a single conjecture of our own, upon what its contents might be.] *Biribinquer*, continues the Historian, was just emerging from one of those

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extasies,

extasies, which, to some of the Indian Philosophers, appear so delectable and charming, that in the continual duration of such raptures they have inclined to place the highest degree of felicity,—when lo! he perceived that the fair Invisible answered his caresses with becoming sensibility. He judged from thence she must now be awake, and therefore failed not to tell her, in that sublime language to which he had been used in the Fairy *Melissotta's* Bee-hive, the same sweet things which *Crystallina* and *Mirabella* had heard from him before on a like occasion. The invisible fair one answered to all these fine Declamations, Eulogiums, Exclamations, Protestations, and so forth, only by sighs; she modestly depreciated her own charms, and seemed to doubt of the Prince's constancy, but in such a manner, that a lover less enthusiastick than *Biribinquer* might have thought the declaration misplaced in the mouth of so lovely a person. The Prince, however, who was not then in a mood for verbal argumentation, contented himself with simply redoubling his caresses, the common method of removing these sorts of doubts. She paid all possible attention to his reasonings, without seeming a whit

whit more convinced than before. "Have you not loved *Mirabella* and *Crystallina*, as much as me? said she. Did not you tell both of them the same passionate and tender things? Did not you make them as many protestations, and did you not give them the same proofs; — yet neither of them, charming as they appeared to you in the first intoxication of your senses, was capable of stealing you a single day from the Milkmaid, whom you had taken it into your head to run after? Ah! *Biribinquer*, the fate of these my predecessors does but too plainly tell me what mine will be, and how think you then that I can rest easy or satisfied, under the irksome uncertainty of losing you, like them, in a few short hours?" — *Biribinquer* replied, by giving her the strongest and most solemn assurances of a lasting and unbounded love. He insisted upon it, that she debased her own figure and accomplishments, by comparing herself with two Fairies, who, as he observed, were not sufficiently lovely to inspire him with more than a transient liking; and by all the Cupids he swore to her, that from the first moment of his being so lucky as to behold her pourtrait in the great Saloon, the

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Milkmaid, who gave her so much uneasiness, had retained no more empire over him than any other Milkmaid in the world. This assurance did but weakly soothe the apprehensions of the fair Invisible; and *Biribinquer* found himself obliged to exhaust all his Rhetorick in order to overcome her obstinate incredulity.—“O beautiful Invisible, he cried, why cannot I call the whole earth and all the elements with their inhabitants to witness, when I swear to you the most inviolable fidelity.”—“We are all of us Witnesses,” exclaimed a vast number of voices, male and female, that came from persons on all sides round him.

*Biribinquer*, who, to say the truth, could never have thought of being thus taken at his word, rose up with some confusion, to see from whence these voices proceeded. But, O Heavens! what tongue is sufficiently eloquent to express the trouble and horror he felt at seeing the whole apartment all on a sudden blazing with light around him?—In the very Cabinet, which had borne witness to his inconstancy and infidelity, he beheld, O wonderful, terrible sight! Instead of the beautiful *Salamandra*, he beheld



beheld himself locked in the arms of that very deformed *Gnomida* to whom he had so lately adjudged the Prize of beauty. But what above all completed his confusion and distress, was to see himself surrounded on every side by He's and She's, whom of all living he would last have chosen to be spectators of his present state. These persons were cruel enough to burst out into immoderate fits of laughing, at the very moment he was disengaging himself from his monstrous fair one. He was ready to sink into the earth, what with shame on one hand, and aversion on the other, while the whole palace rung with unbounded laughter from every busy Spectator. On the right side of the Sopha he saw, Oh! how at that instant could he have wished for blindness and invisibility!—he saw the Fairy *CrySTALLINA*, holding in her hand little *Grigri*: on the left side, appeared the charming *Mirabella* with her dear *Flox*, who now cut a far better figure as *Salamander*, than in his late condition of a big-bellied *Pompion*. But what above all added torture in extreme to the unhappy *Biribinquer*, was to behold the Fairy *Caprosina* with his beautiful Milkmaid, and close beside them,

old

old *Padmanaba*, holding the fair *Salamandra* in his hand, both seated upon a cloud intermixed with azure and gold, borne by young *Sylphs*, and casting disdainful looks at him! “Oh, mighty well! Prince *Biribinquer*, cried the Fairy *Crystallina*; upon my word, Prince, I pardon you now for the impatience you shewed to get rid of me. He who goes in pursuit of such a conquest, certainly cannot exercise too much diligence to obtain it.”—“And, Prince *Biribinquer*, cried *Grigri*, taking up the conversation, I suppose you may now recollect, that I am not under any particular obligation to suppose myself greatly indebted to your care: for had it only depended upon You, I fancy I might have continued a *Lee* as I was for ever; but in your present situation it would really be cruel to laugh at you. Only then look upon what has befallen you, as a punishment you have well deserved for more reasons than one; and so good-bye to you!”—“If the Fair-one with whom you have so unexpectedly been surprized (said *Mirabella* with a malicious air) were not in all respects thus worthy of your attention, you have at least the satisfaction of finding her neither prudish  
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nor formal."—"As to myself, cried he that had been the *Pompion*, I ought indeed to be mortified for having recovered, at the expence of your happiness, my natural shape, and the possession of my dear *Mirabella*; but having so generously warned you before-hand of the consequences of a fresh infidelity, while I was but a poor *Pompion*, you will not blame me, if I rejoice as a *Salamander*, to see you punished for the contempt of my precautions."—"See now, unhappy, but justly punished *Biribinquer*, (exclaimed the Fairy *Caprosina*, with a hoarse dissonant eagerness of voice,) see how *Caramussal* has guarded thee against my anger and resentments! Look here, and behold the amiable *Galaetina*, whom thou lovedst as a Milkmaid, and of whom, in spite of my hatred towards thee, a too favourable fate had destined thee the sole possession, had not thy own thrice perpetrated infidelity rendered thee unworthy of her."—"Little as thou hast merited it at my hands, poor Prince! said the beauteous Milkmaid, if my compassion could avail thee any thing, thou shouldst be less unhappy: for full well I see, the punishment thou hast been made to suffer is greater even than thy crime; nay,

may, I verily believe, that the Fairies and Enchanters have at least had as great a share in thy disaster, as any to which thy own faultiness hath contributed." At these words *Biribinquer* lifted up his eyes, and darted a look full of inexpressible sensibilities at his best beloved Milkmaid: then, sinking to the ground, he heaved a great sigh that seemed as if life and soul fled with it, and lay prostrate without power to utter a single word. "Learn, admirable *Biribinquer*," cried old *Padmanaba* standing on the other side of him; learn, thou rare pattern of Wisdom and Constancy, and from hence be convinced that *Padmanaba* is not yet so old as to let thy temerity escape unpunished. Let thy History, through successive and uncounted ages, be transmitted to the latest posterity, from Gossip to Gossip, from one old Wife to another; that so they may learn how equally dangerous it is for any one to consult the great *Caramussal* about Fates or Fortunes, or to look upon a Milkmaid before the expiration of his eighteenth year."

*Padmanaba* had scarce done speaking, when all on a sudden were heard terrible claps of Thunder, accompanied with  
streams



streams of Lightning, and such a furious Tempest, that the whole Palace shook with its violent concussions, just as if an Earthquake were rooting up the very foundations. Every one present, excepting only the despairing *Biribinquer*, was struck with fear and horror; and even old *Padmanaba* himself perceived, that the Storm proceeded from a power superior to his own. In an instant the roofs of the Palace, with the ceiling of the room above them, were all torn off, while, amidst the Thunders and Lightenings, they beheld the great *Caramussal* mounted on a Hippogriff, and descending from the clouds. He alighted, and took his place betwixt old *Padmanaba* and the Fairy *Caprosina*. "The Prince *Biribinquer*, cried *Caramussal* with a majestick voice, is sufficiently punished. Fate is satisfied, and I take him under my protection. Vanish, unworthy Strumpet! continued he, touching the *Gnomida* with his Wand; — and now, Prince *Biribinquer*, choose you out from amongst these four fair females, the *Salamandra*, the *Sylphide*, the *Undina*, or the *Mortal*, whichever you best approve. She whom your own heart shall fix upon, shall be your Wife, and cure you of  
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that inconstancy, which hitherto, it must be owned, has been your fault."

Had *Padmanaba* had any, he could have gnashed his teeth for spite, at seeing the whole plot of the Drama so unexpectedly unravelled. As to the fair ones, they all together kept their eyes fixed upon the Prince; and you might particularly read in those of the young *Salamandra*, who hitherto had not uttered a single word, that rather than old *Padmanaba* should have substituted the ugly *Gnomida* in her stead, she could have gladly been permitted to represent her own self *in propria personâ*. But *Biribinquer*, who in a moment passed from one extreme to another, that is to say, from the greatest grief, and deepest despair, to the highest festivity and joy, did not hesitate a minute where to choose; tho' the elementary Ladies infinitely surpassed his Milkmaid in beauty, all their charms could not, however, obtain from him more than a transient regard, when he considered his dearest *Galaetina*. He threw himself at the feet of that charming young creature, and implored her pardon for all his faults, in terms full of a sincere penitence, and a love so violent, that, unable to call up cruelty  
enough

enough not to flatter him at least with hope, she at length suffered herself to be moved by his intreaties. *Caramussal*, at whose feet also in like manner he laid himself prostrate, raised him from the ground, took him by the hand, and led him towards the Princess *Galactina*. "Receive, said he, from my hands, the Prince *Cacamiello*, for since the views, with which I had the other appellation bestowed upon him, are fulfilled, this is his present name. *Biribinquer* and the *Milkmaid* now no longer exist. Both of them therefore having satisfied the caprice of their stars, and paid their tribute to the Faery Science; nothing more remains to do, than to restore Prince *Cacamiello* to his royal parents, and bind him by an indissoluble tie to the Princess *Galactina*. "You, bright Fairies! continued he, turning toward *CrySTALLINA* and *MIRABELLA*, you, I hope, have reason to be content with my proceedings; having your former shape, together with your Lovers, restored to you by my care. But, as it would be unjust that I should be the only one to return back empty-handed, I here dispense old *Padmanaba* from every care whatever, and shall keep for myself the beautiful *Salamandra*,

*dra*, whose residence with him could leave her no other employment than to sleep, and to be invisible."

So saying, the great *Caramussal* smote the air thrice with his Wand, and instantly found himself with the Prince and Princess in the King's cabinet; who, as may well be imagined, was full of joy to behold once more his son and heir, accompanied with so beautiful a Princess, and with so fine a name. Soon after the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. The new married couple loved ~~each~~ other as long as they could, enriching the world with Sons and Daughters, and at length, on the old King's departure for the nineteenth world, King *Cacamiello* governed so wisely in his stead, that the subjects under his sway found little or no difference betwixt the Father and Son. In reward for the good services which his friend *Flox*, while a *Pompion*, had rendered him, he made him his prime Vizir; nor did the Fairy *Crystallina* or *Mirabella* ever fail of appearing at Court as often as the Queen lay in. *Crystallina* always brought with her the little *Grigri*, who, in spite of his ugliness, met with the approbation of most of the



the maids of honour; a circumstance by no means palatable to their respective admirers. "It must be owned, said all the Ladies with an unanimous voice, that *Grigri*, in spite of his ugliness, is the most diverting companion in the world!"

"*HERE* then, at length, said Don *Gabriel*, concludes the History of Prince *Biribinquer*, which is equally as true as it is instructive. Happy shall I esteem myself, if I have succeeded in my undertaking, which was at once to amuse you, and to cure the fair *Jacintha* of her prejudices against the Fairies and Faery-Science."

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### C H A P. III.

#### *Remarks on the foregoing History.*

"**I**F you had no other design but that, Don *Gabriel*, said *Jacintha*, I am only sorry to find you have so ill succeeded. To tell you the truth, I believe it is impossible to push the matter of impertinence and extravagant folly farther

farther in a Tale than you have done : and certainly Don *Sylvio* must have been very credulous and honest-hearted, if he has not perceived that your sole view was to put the Fairies out of all credit or countenance with him.”—“ You judge very rigorously, Madam, replied Don *Eugenio* : ’Tis true, all nature is turned topsy-turvy in this History from one end to the other : ’Tis equally true, that the characters which it exhibits are as impertinent, as the adventures it relates are incredible ; and that if we were to judge of either according to the principles of Reason, Probability, and Morality, nothing could be invented more out-of-the-way, or more absurd. But then, in so doing, we might exercise as little justice, as if we should choose to determine the climate of *Siberia* from that of *Valencia*, or our country politeness from that of the *Chinese*. The land of the Fairies is situated beyond the confines of nature ; it is governed by its own laws, or, to speak more accurately, like certain Republicks which I don’t choose to name, it is governed by no laws at all. There is no judging of one Faery-tale but by another Faery-tale ; and considered in this point of view, *Biribinquer*

*binquer* is not only as probable and as instructive, but in all respects more interesting, than any other tale in the world," (excepting the History of the *Four Facardins*.)—" But pray now, demanded *Jacintha*, I could be glad to know what you find so instructive in this tale."—

" Moralists by profession, replied Don *Eugenio*, persons who are capable of extracting a whole system of Morality from one of *Tibullus's* Elegies, would undoubtedly give you a better answer to this question than I. However, not entirely to give my position, Do tell me, are not irregularity and a vicious conduct, constantly and uniformly punished in this History?—Is not virtue at length rewarded in the person of the fair Milkmaid? and does not the whole tale very convincingly make good the moral maxim, " That the foolish curiosity of wishing to pry into futurity, with a purpose of extricating ourselves from the lot assigned us, is equally imprudent and dangerous?" If the big-bellied King had not consulted the great *Caramussal*, we should never have known it was dangerous for the Prince to look at a Milkmaid till he was eighteen years of age;—and, by the same rule, he could never have received the name of *Biribinquer*. He might have

have been brought up in his Father's court as other Princes are; and when it had been time for him to marry, his parents might have demanded by their Ambassadors the Princess *Galaetina*; and thus every thing would have come about in the natural course of things. Now the curiosity of the King, and the fatal oracle of the great *Caramussal*, were the alone cause of all his disasters. The means made use of to hinder the Prince from seeing any Milkmaid, were precisely what facilitated their union; not to say, that the name *Biribinquer*, which in fact constantly extricated him out of every difficulty, could have been of no use or avail, because the Prince would never have engaged in such adventures as he did, had he never been so called."—"You are perfectly in the right," said Donna *Felicia*; but herein you observe, consists the greatest beauty of the narrative; or, to speak more properly, if this single circumstance had been taken away, the whole History of Prince *Biribinquer*, instead of being one of the drollest Faery-tales in the world, would have become merely one of those dull common stories, which at best are only fit to make a News-paper paragraph,  
or



or "a History of my own times;" and that would have been a great pity. In short, whether it be trifling, or impertinent, or not, I take the Prince *Biribinquer* under my protection; and had I but the honour of wearing a hat and sword, I would maintain it against all opponents, that the love of Prince *Biribinquer*, the virtue of the Lady *Crystallina*, the delicacy of *Mirabella*, her habits of dry-water, and distractions of mind; that the Giant *Caraculiamborix*, the Ostrich's Egg, and Pea-shells; the Whale, with the Lakes, Isles, and enchanted Structures it contains within its belly; the Palace of compacted Fire, the Pompion that talks so fluently, and knows the course of the Stars so well; together with all the other marvellous and unexpected circumstances that swarm in this tale, do make it the most comical story of all stories that ever I heard in my days."—"You have forgot, said *Facintha*, the Carp which sung such fine Opera Airs, the rope-dancing Dog, and those fiery glances of *Biribinquer's* eye, that melted the pebbles of the rivulet into glass."—"Permit me moreover to add, said Don *Gabriel*, You will hardly meet with any tale more abundantly rich in materials

of the most precious and costly kinds: For certain I am, that in no Cabinet of curiosities throughout Europe will you meet with a Milk-pail composed of Rubies; nor do I know of any enchanted Garden, where the fountains and water basons are set round with large cut Diamonds."

Hitherto Don *Sylvio* had listened with great attention to all that had been said; but observing that each of the company had delivered his or her sentiment, and that they were waiting for his own opinion, he addressed them very gravely thus: "I must own to you I could either have wished Prince *Biribinquer* had been more faithful to his Milkmaid, who really must have been a very amiable young creature,—or else I could have been glad to have seen him more severely chastised for his irregular conduct. But,—excepting this single circumstance, together with the characters and deportment of some other personages in the History, which never can be approved of—I do not see what there is in the whole History of this Prince, either impertinent, impossible, or contrary to nature."—"How! Don *Sylvio*, said *Jacinta*; and do you suppose all those marvelous

lous things about the Giant's picking his teeth with a great hedge-stake, the Whale's throwing from his nostrils deluges of water for fifty leagues round, the soft Rocks, the singing Fishes, and talking Pom-pions; pray do you suppose all this natural and possible?"—"Undoubtedly, beautiful *Jacintha!* replied Don *Sylvio*; unless we choose to measure what is possible to nature by that infinitely small portion of nature that lies before our immediate sight, or by what we see happen every day we live. 'Tis true, *Caraculiamborix* is a monster in comparison with common men; but he becomes a Pygmy compared with an inhabitant of Saturn, whose size, as a great Astronomer informs us, we are to measure and reckon by leagues. And why might there not be a Whale large enough to contain Lakes and Islands within its belly, since there are little Insects in water, compared with which, a common-sized *Greenland* Whale is at least as huge and bulky, as the Whale in question is in comparison with a *Greenland* Whale."—"Oh, as to the Whale, interrupted Don *Gabriel*, its possibility cannot be disputed, since in all likelihood it is the same with that which *Lucian*

so circumstantially describes in his authentick Histories, and in which he discovered a wide country, that was then inhabited by five or six different nations, who were continually at war with each other. So that probably at the time when *Padmanaba* erected his palace in the Whale's belly, these hostile nations might have utterly extirpated one another. The only thing that can render this affair incredible, seems to be, that *Biribinquer* is said to have seen there a Sun, Moon, and Stars."—"As to that, said Don *Sylvio*, I do not apprehend it means that a Sun, or Moon, or Stars really held their course in the Whale's belly, but only that it seemed so to the Prince; and such an illusion *Padmanaba* by his art might very easily have effected. That Sun and those Stars for instance, might be so many *Salamanders* stationed by *Padmanaba* to shine at certain distances, to form a kind of sphere, and observe a regular course of rotation, and indeed there are certain circumstances which make me incline to think that the thing was so."—"I should be mighty glad, said *Jacintha*, to know what Don *Sylvio* calls Impossible! for at his rate of extending the bounds of possibility,



bility, I suppose every thing a person could imagine in the delirium of a raging fever might be possible. If there be such things as compacted fire and dry water, there must equally be supposed golden lead, or a square circle."—

"Pardon me, fair *Jacintha*, replied Don *Sylvio*, this argument is not so substantial as you may think it. Rotundity or roundness makes the essence of a circle, and therefore it is impossible to conceive a square circle. But how could you prove fluidity to be an essential quality of water and fire? Don't we every Winter see Ice, which is nothing more than solid compacted water: then why might not the power or art of elementary Genii produce dry water or compacted fire? I apprehend, continued he, that the true source of those erroneous judgments which are commonly passed upon every wonderful event, springs from this false presumption, That whatever cannot be explained by causes corporeal and palpable to the senses, is Impossible; as if the powers of Spirits, to which corporeal things are but the merely gross unanimated tools and instruments, must not necessarily and infinitely surpass the mechanical and borrowed powers of those

same instruments. Upon this footing, I am firmly persuaded that many things are held impossible, only because they are incomprehensible to our ignorance; and is not this being pretty nearly as rash as the Savage would be, who should fancy the enchanted modulation of sounds drawn by a *Virtuoso* through the stops of his German Flute, to be *impossible*, merely because he himself can get nothing out of his calumet, (or pipe of straw) but hoarse, dissonant, and in-harmonious tones?—Upon the whole then, I find nothing impossible in the History of Prince *Biribinquer*, and (taking for granted the Historian's authenticity) I do not see why it might not be as real as genuine, and as worthy of credit as any other History whatever.”—“Aye, now, you are come to the very point, said Don *Gabriel*. Every thing depends upon the authenticity of witnesses; for, though we might grant a conditional possibility to all those wonderful things with which Historians and Poets have filled the world, or at least to the major part of what they have said; yet are all these things, notwithstanding, only mere Chimeras, till our reason can have proof incontestible laid before it, that they do  
exist,

exist, or that they really have existed: but till then, I must confess to you, the cause of Historical truth, as it respects Faery-tales and Stories about spirits, is in no small danger, unless you can produce better vouchers for their veracity than the Prince *Biribinquer*." — "But pray why so?" demanded Don *Sylvio* hastily. "Because, replied Don *Gabriel*, this whole History is of my own invention." — "Of your invention!" cried the other, not a little thunderstruck; ah! Don *Gabriel*, I could not have expected such an artificial trick from you.—But prithee now, did not you mention the name of an Historian, from whom you told us you had taken the whole?" — "Pardon me Don *Sylvio*, said Don *Gabriel*, the matter is such as I have informed you. I wanted to see how far you would carry your prepossessions in favour of Faery-science, and therefore used my utmost endeavours, (saving your presence) to invent a Story so extravagantly out-of-the-way, so marvellously impertinent, and so contradictory, as that you have just been hearing: and this is the sole origin of Prince *Biribinquer*. But at the same time I must as freely confess to you, that it was not

possible for me to invent any thing so absurd, but what the like has already been said in other Faery-tales, and I might easily have foreseen that this Analogy would delude you. Believe me, Don *Sylvio*, the Authors of Faery-tales, and most of such marvellous stories, had as little intention to impose them upon people of sense, as I myself have had. They had nothing more in view than to amuse the imagination; and for my own part I must own to you, I am fonder of such Tales than of any systems of Metaphysics. I know that both among the Ancients and Moderns, there are persons of great merit, who have diverted themselves at their leisure hours in writing tales—and many people far superior to myself, persons who supported the gravity of their character better than ever I shall do, have preferred these toys of fancy to any other works of Genius. Who, for instance, does not like *Ariosto's Orlando furioso*, which yet in fact is but a long string of Faery-tales? I could say much more in their favour, if I were now professedly called upon to draw up an apology for them. But, however, all this does not prevent Tales from being only  
Tales,



Tales, and tho' the *Salamanders*, *Sylphides*, *Fairies*, and *Cabbalists* afford us a deal of pleasure, when the materials are worked up by the hand of an ingenious Poet; yet certain it is, they are at best but merely chimerical beings, for whose reality no better reason or argument can be urged, than I should be capable of urging in behalf of Prince *Biribinquer*."—"Sir, said Don *Sylvio*, you seem not to consider, that there is no denying the existence of Fairies and elementary Spirits; of the Cabbala, or that occult Philosophy, which gives to Sages the power of subjecting those spirits to their controul, without over-turning the basis of all Historical faith: For, is not all History in general unanimously in their favour?"—"Possibly, replied Don *Gabriel*, you may have read the History of the Count *de Gabalis*, in which this argument is pushed to the highest degree of probability of which it is capable. But all that can possibly arise in proof from thence would be, that History is mixed up with fables and falsehoods; and this is an evil which we ought entirely to impute to the feeble understanding, the sinister views, or at least the vanity of Historians; which, in my mind, is the

true source of those many pernicious errors with which we see whole Societies contaminated. Do you suppose that *Biribinquer's* History, for example, would be a halfpenny worth more credible, if it were related word for word by the Historian *Palæphatus*?—How should we be able to know, whether an Author, who existed three thousand years ago, and whose history no less than his character are equally unknown to us, had even a wish or desire to tell us the truth? and supposing he had, might he not be a very credulous creature himself? Might he not have set himself to work upon very vile materials? and might he not have been egregiously deceived either by his own prejudices, or by false intelligence? Or, even supposing him personally clear from all this, yet may not his History, written two or three thousand years ago,—what by lapse of time, or the negligence of transcribers,—have been altered, interpolated, or enlarged by suppositious emendations? So long then as we are not capable of proving that in every Adventure of *Biribinquer*, and, as it were, in every Page, any one of these possible cases might happen, even *Herodotus* himself

self could not be a sufficient voucher for the truth of this pretended History. I own to you, the testimony of a *Tacitus* or a *Hume*\* might be of great authority for the existence of elementary Spirits, or for any thing else not to be met with in the known beaten circle of human science. But unhappily for the Marvellous, they cannot boast themselves of so respectable and weighty a testimony: and put the case, that amongst the infinite number of wonders of this sort, which from the creation of the world have reached by tradition all nations of the earth from generation to generation, and been partly believed by them; I say, putting the case that any one amongst all these should be found to have incontestible authority on its side; these, notwithstanding, could render the rest not a whit more credible, nor weaken the force of this general principle. So that whatever is not analogous to the ordi-

\* The Reader will observe, a pretty sizeable *Anachronism* in this place; which, unfortunately, is not the only one in the course of the work, and which possibly might excite doubts respecting the authenticity of this whole History. We therefore leave it with the Critics either to remove the stumbling block, or to trim and idolize it just as they please.

nary course of nature, according to the conception which our senses are capacitated to form of it, nor analogous to the daily experience of the generality of mankind, has for this reason a very strong and almost invincible presumption of falsehood against it. This is one of those principles which the universal sentiment of mankind fully justifies,—tho' by the way it absolutely annihilates the existence of Fairies and all that belongs to them."

The Ladies had retired the moment they observed that the conversation was taking a scientifick turn. Don *Sylvio* did not come too so easily as his adversary at first imagined he would. He availed himself of every advantage, that the apparent connection between this matter and others (on which Don *Gabriel*, after the manner of the Hussars, could only fight him flying,) seemed to lay in his way. But after seeing himself forced into his last entrenchments, by the skill of his antagonist, all that he had left him to do, was to appeal in his turn to those self-experiences by which the other had thought to convince him. Don *Sylvio*, however, soon found he should gain but little by fighting with such a Philosopher as Don *Gabriel*, at his own weapons;



weapons; who proved to him, that particular and extraordinary experiences, whenever they contradict the general experience, are always to be suspected; and that in order to constitute such an evidence as should oblige reason to yield, it required arguments so cogent, that amidst a thousand such private and extraordinary experiences, there is hardly one to be found, which, upon a close examination, can keep even so much appearance of probability as was necessary to ground a strong Presumption. The better to explain his axioms, he took for an example the visions of Sister *Mary d'Agreda*, and insensibly sheathed himself so deep in speculations, that the Translator really thought them too profound for most readers of this present writing. He has therefore retrenched them here, and the more willingly from seeing by the preface at the head of the Spanish manuscript, that the Reverend Father *Dominican* to whose criticism the Book was committed, took occasion from this innocent discourse to interdict the printing of the whole work. Be that as it may, Don *Eugenio* himself thought good to put a stop to these Metaphysical researches. "Upon my word, said

said he, I am almost inclined to think, that if you wish to prove how far in these cases prepossession, or a too active imagination may deceive us, you have nothing more to do than refer us to Don *Sylvio's* own personal experience. Now I will venture any wager you please, Don *Sylvio*, that upon entering these gardens, and on seeing these pavilions, you thought you had got into some abode or other belonging to the Fairies: and yet most certain it is, that you are in no other individual spot than the Village of *Lirias*, for which my Grandfather *Gil Blas de Santillane* is indebted to the grateful generosity of Don *Alphonso de Leyva*; and the enlargements and decorations that have been made in it, are partly his, and partly my father's, Don *Felix de Lirias*. You seem, my dear Don *Sylvio*, to have seen so little of the real world, that the resemblance betwixt the gardens and buildings of *Lirias*, and those which your imagination has picked up an acquaintance with in Faery-*tales*, might easily induce you to take that for a production of *Genii* and *Fairies*, which is no other than the workmanship of very common and ordinary men. Do now, tell me ingenuously,

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Don *Sylvio*, did not you, on seeing my sister, hesitate a moment about taking her for a Fairy?—and yet my Chaplain shall prove to you by his Register of Baptisms, that she is no more than a Mortal, descended from good old Christians, who were never in their life-times suspected of magick or forcery. He shall also prove to you, that she is really the grand-daughter of the lovely *Dorothea de Jutella*, destined to supply the place of my grandfather's dear *Antonia*, whom he had lost; and between which said *Dorothea* and my said sister, there is so striking a resemblance, that the pourtrait of the one might easily be taken for the pourtrait of the other."

This induction of particulars alone, had more effect than all Don *Gabriel's* arguments. Don *Sylvio* (excepting a small compliment he paid upon the occasion to Donna *Felicia's* charms) found so little room for a reply, that by degrees he became very silent;—but it was only because he was sunk into a profound reverie, which rendered him totally giddy, stupid, and insensible to every thing about him. Luckily it was now time to go to a Comedy which Don *Eugenio* had ordered a small company  
of

of strolling Players to represent, whom he had retained at his house for some few weeks past. This agreeable diversion of thought, and the presence of Donna *Felicia*, which he enjoyed the whole evening, restored our Hero by degrees to his usual good-temper: the politeness of so fair a young creature, or (to speak more properly) the tenderness which reigned in all her actions, presently animated Don *Sylvio*'s spirits into vivacity; gave him eloquence, and led him to exert his utmost endeavours to please and to be pleased. In a word, that tone of gaiety, sprightliness, and great good-humour which Donna *Felicia* very assiduously imparted to the whole company, particularly at supper time, operated so powerfully upon our Hero, that he insensibly forgot the character he had undertaken to represent; laughed as heartily at Prince *Biribinquer*, and as perfectly despised all the Fairies, as if he had never believed in their existence, nor had ever been in love with a blue Butterfly.



( 161 )

T H E

A D V E N T U R E S

O F

D O N S Y L V I O D E R O S A L V A .

B O O K V I I .

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C H A P I .

*A remarkable Discovery. Singular discretion  
of Pedrillo.*

O U R Spanish author begins this Book with a sort of apology, which he addresses to such of his Readers as may possibly have been dissatisfied with his conduct; because truly, from the moment of Donna Felicia's and Don Sylvio's so unexpectedly meeting in one of the pavillions at *Lirias*, honest *Pedrillo* has been

been so totally neglected, and not suffered once to make his appearance, and divert both the company and reader with his laughable fallies.

“ We apprehend, says the Author, that it is a great defect in a Dramatical piece, when the Poet, who hath undertaken to conduct the characters, passions, virtues or follies of his personages thro’ a labyrinth of complicated Incidents to the end proposed; instead of giving his whole attention to those personages, is every moment turning to the spectators for whom he writes, and putting them in mind of what is doing. This is sometimes carried so far, that the writer is often obliged to make up for the lame disposition of his plan, and poor contrivance of the catastrophe, by throwing in an *ad Spectatores* addressed to the audience by one or other of the performers. Now such a History as our’s seems to be pretty much under the same predicament. Indeed, if *Pedrillo*, like *Punchinello* in certain Comedies, was placed there only to make the Readers laugh, it might with justice be laid to our charge, that we have let slip more occasions than one, in which he might have answered his destination, by amusing his

his partisans. But *Pedrillo*, as the Reader must long since have observed, has a part much more important to perform; and even if, by making him appear in this History, our design had been partly to amuse our Readers with his drollery, yet certainly, this could only have been as an *Under-plot*, or (to express ourselves more learnedly) a *finis secundarius*; which, as every one knows, ought always to give place to the principal end in view, where there is not room sufficient left for both together. Hence it is, that *Pedrillo* comes or goes, chatters away or holds his tongue, is busied or idle, or even invisible if need be, according to the nature of the service he can do, or as the relation between him and his master requires. While accompanying the latter on his wonderful expedition, he was in the right to talk away when and how he pleased, Don *Sylvio* having no better company to amuse him: But the moment his master meets with more respectable Society, he retires either to the Footmen's Hall, or the fair *Laura's* apartment. It is true, some might object to us the example of *Sancho Pança*, who, in the Castle where his master (in spite of his enemies the Enchanters and Moors)

Moors) was so well received, continually made one of the company, had free passage every where, and even enjoyed more than once the honour of talking with my Lady Dutchess face to face. But the Reader will be kind enough to remember, that the business, there, was to make the ceremonious folly of the Knight, and the shrewd simplicity of the Squire serve equally as matter of diversion. Here, on the contrary, in the seat at *Lirias*, the main point is how to cure our Hero as soon as possible of this enchantment of his brain, without giving ourselves any great concern to inquire whether our dear Readers, (who perhaps might rather choose to see him in his state of madness,) are gainers or losers by so important a change in his intellects.

However, that we may not be reproached with having ungratefully rejected honest *Pedrillo*, when we had no longer any need of him, we have appropriated a portion of this Chapter, on purpose to inform his admirers in few words, how this gallant youth passed his spare time after his arrival at *Lirias*.

The



The Reader probably will remember, that the first time the agreeable *Laura* appeared to *Pedrillo* in the form of a *Sylphide*, she had carried off his heart, though the poor young fellow hardly knew how. It must be confessed, that for a lover who found himself seized with the first fervours of a growing passion, the distraction of mind into which Mrs. *Teresilla* threw him the same evening, was pretty violent. But in this respect *Pedrillo* was a second *Biribinquer*. He was never once unfaithful to his Mistress but when opportunity offered: Every fresh infidelity served only to re-kindle his love so much the more ardently towards her, and he had nothing more to do than to see the real sovereign Mistress of his heart, — and presently he forgot every other that had before been capable of pleasing him. Such being the state of things, nobody will wonder to hear that it required but little trouble to keep this faithful Valet at a distance from his master for two or three days. *Laura*, who had her mistress's orders for that purpose, found the execution of those orders easier, as *Pedrillo* was so intoxicated with the pleasure of seeing and toying with her, that

that perhaps he would not have thought of Don *Sylvio*, during a longer space of time, had not the *Sylphide* herself first put him in mind of it.

The tender passion, with which *Pedrillo* had been so happy as to inspire this young Nymph, induced her to avoid no opportunities of being alone with him, whenever it could be done without noise, or her absence being perceived. Accordingly it so happened, that the next morning after his arrival they met in a very shady thicket, which lay at the lower end of the Labyrinth, precisely at the same time when the ladies and gentlemen were in conversation together in one of the pavillions belonging to the Garden. The rest of the domesticks were now taking their afternoon's nap. The gentle couple, as I said, met there, without any mutual previous appointment; whether it was by chance only, or thro' the effect of that magnetick power and virtue already mentioned elsewhere. The intention of both was to take their Siesta; but meeting here, as unexpectedly as *Dido* and the Trojan Hero met in a Cave in times of old, nothing could be more natural than to sit down and chatter away, instead of wasting the hours

hours in sleep. Heat does not produce the same effect upon all men: for, tho' the Naturalists inform us, that any great degree of it dissipates the vital spirits, and relaxes the fibres, *Pedrillo*, for his part, never found himself in a disposition more calculated to form a dangerous Lover than on the present occasion. *Laura* soon perceived it; and as, contrary to the custom of *Spanish* Chamber-maids, she was neither wanton nor a prude, she found herself obliged to give him to understand, that if a Lover wished to convince her of his passion for her, it must be by great discretion and much decorum. In consequence of this rebuff, *Pedrillo's* fear of having offended her presently effected what the heat might otherwise have done according to the system of the Naturalists. He became as timid and as submissive as the humblest adorer of the *Queen of the Crystal Islands*; promising her, that if she would not banish him from her presence, he would be as gentle and innocent as a lamb. Upon these conditions *Laura* consented to keep her seat beside him, but at the same time wanted to divert him from that great attention which he continually paid to her

her charms. She accordingly turned the discourse so variously, and plied him with so many questions, that at length she got him to relate very circumstantially, every thing he knew himself of his young Master's history. Consequently she learned from him the story of the enchanted Princess's portrait; and from the description he gave of it, presently discerned that it was the very trinket which her mistress had lost but a few days before, in walking to her little Arcadia beforementioned. She imparted her thoughts to *Pedrillo*, and from the account he gave her of the manner in which it had been taken from *Don Sylvio*, determined to set off immediately with her new friend to see if they could not recover it. They had no doubt of finding the trinket in the custody of one of the Peasant Girls that worked in the neighbourhood near the Seat; and by great good luck, their supposition proved just. The trinket was restored, in exchange for a few Maravedis, and delivered the same evening into the hands of *Donna Felicia*; to whom,—though it was of great value,—the hints and counsel which *Laura* communicated with it, as she had drawn them from *Pedrillo's* mouth, gave far  
more



more pleasure than the recovery of the toy itself. For now she thought she had such a Talisman in her own power, as might well effect the disenchantment of her dear *Don Sylvio de Rosalva*;—an event which she determined not to defer longer than till the next morning.

In the mean time, *Laura*, the sovereign mistress of *Pedrillo's* heart, very strictly forbade him to reveal any thing of the matter to his master. This prohibition, however, only served to make honest *Pedrillo* so very impatient, that he had the utmost difficulty in the world to wait for an opportunity of justifying the old remark, "That there cannot be a surer means of making people say indiscreet things, than to forbid them to talk." The opportunity offered itself next morning: both master and man were too much in love to allow any great portion of time for sleeping. *Pedrillo* perceived *Don Sylvio* at day-break walking in the Garden, and buried in profound cogitations. He therefore slipped softly out of his chamber, and unobserved by the fair *Laura*, went to meet his master.

*Don Sylvio* had spent good part of the night in a train of reflections not very

favourable to the Fairies. To say the truth, ever since the little trick which Don *Gabriel* had played him with the tale of Prince *Biribinquer*, the faith he had hitherto reposed in those Ladies and their Historians had suffered a considerable alteration. The History of *Biribinquer* really seemed to him so silly and so vapid, that he could not conceive how it was possible for him not to have instantly discerned the cheat. At last he found there could be no other reason for it, than the resemblance between this and other tales of the sort, joined to the favourable prepossession which he had always indulged of the truth of such narrations: nor could he conceal it from himself, that if inconsistency and folly were carried farther in the tale of *Biribinquer*, than in other Faery tales, yet the analogy between this and the rest was still sufficiently great, in his opinion, to render all other tales of the Fairies without exception doubtful; especially too, when he reflected upon all that Don *Gabriel* and Don *Eugenio* had urged against them.

In the midst of these reflections he at length fell asleep; and after having slept about three hours, (during which he

he had dreamt of nothing but Donna Felicia,) he arose, to pursue, with greater success, his reflections on an affair of such importance; to which the freshness of the morning, and the charms of a solitary walk powerfully invited him.

*Pedrillo* looked about a good while before he could find his master; for while he dressed himself and was coming down, Don *Sylvio* had got into the winding allies of the Labyrinth, which was one of the most agreeable spots in the world, both on account of its large extent, and the variety of Walks, Thickets, Groves, Cascades, Grecian Temples, Pagodas, Statues, and so forth, which were all well adapted to give it the air of one of those enchanted Gardens described in Romances. Our Hero (who could no longer doubt but that all this, though strongly resembling an enchanted country, was yet only a work of art, which, conducted by a poetical imagination, skilfully uniting the various elegancies of Nature with the arts which imitated Nature, had produced so pleasing an assemblage of Beauties; — our Hero I say) on entering this agreeably Sylvan scene, could not help reflecting, that possibly Imagination was the only

and real mother of that Marvellous, which hitherto, from a want of experience, he had taken for a part of Nature itself. He had now for some time pursued this idea with that pleasure which minds of a lively turn naturally feel on tracing out a new discovery; when on a sudden he perceived *Pedrillo*, who, starting from behind some bushes of wild Laurel that surrounded the ruins of an antique Temple, came running up to him with great joy. "Ha! good day t'ye, Signior Don *Sylvio*, (cried he at a distance the instant he discovered him) what, are you still alive! Peascods take it, Signior, one can't get the sight of you a moment in the whole day. If I had not picked up from Mrs. *Laura* that you were still here, I should have supposed (God forgive me) that the Fairies had made a set-off with you thro' the air."—"Well, but methinks I have most reason of the two to complain, replied Don *Sylvio*, smiling; surely thou must have been vastly enchanted with thy *Sylphide*, for I have not once set eyes upon thee since the moment of thy quitting the Hall, on perceiving Donna *Felicia* enter it."—"Signior, said *Pedrillo*, I believe you guess it pretty right, when



when you believe me to be enchanted: Some folks tell us that people enchanted neither eat nor drink, without getting half an ounce the leaner for it; and may I be hanged, (but round my mistress's neck only, understood) if I have ate a crumb more since the day before yesterday, than what a fly could carry away upon its wings. Now do but mind; when we come to table, I am always seated directly over against Mrs. *Laura*; and there I some how can't help looking at her continually; sometimes this way, so; and then again so;—and then I see how pretty she eats, and look in her little mouth; for she has such a row of teeth, that it is quite a charm to see how white and how well sett they be, just like a string of pearls. And then,—but what was it I was saying?—Oh, so then she keeps teizing of me every minute almost, and makes signs, and winks and nods at me, or treads upon my toe, or else puts her handkerchief to rights; so that what with one thing, and what with another, i'faith, I should forget to eat or drink either, if she herself did not now and then put some little tid-bit or other to my mouth. And yet, as you see, Sig-

nior, I am as gay and as brisk, as if great *Bel of Babylon* and I had been at a feast together, and tried who should hold it out longest \*. Well! this it is to keep good company. But, deuce is in't, Signior, you don't seem to want any thing any more than myself: You are as fresh, and you have so fine a colour, that one might take you for a Bridegroom;—and yet I could lay a small wager, you slept but a very little last night?"—"True, answered Don *Sylvio*, 'tis as thou sayest; all the effect of good company. But how dost thou amuse thyself in this fine house, *Pedrillo*?—Must not we think of setting off soon"—  
 "Setting off? exclaimed *Pedrillo*, skipping back like a frightened Squirrel, and looking at his master with an arch leer; pox take it! let us first become as well as we can, before we think of going. Why, Signior, there's no such mighty hurry; people don't meet with such

\* "For the Babylonians had an Idol called *Bel*, and there was spent upon him every day, twelve great measures of fine flour, and forty sheep, and six vessels of wine;—yet was it but Clay within, and Brass without, neither did it eat nor drink any thing." *History of Bel*, in *Apocrypha*, v. 3, 7.

lodgings as these upon every high-road; and as to the Fairies, (if you please not to take it ill of me, Signior,) let them say what they like about it. I am of the fancy, look'ye, that it is always much better to live among christian people, than in the midst of that tribe of Enchanters, Hobgoblins and Spirits, where one never knows who and who's together. The fair *Laura* made a conquest of me from the first moment I saw her, though by the way I took her for a *Sylphide*; but now that we know her to be Mrs. *Laura*, made of flesh and blood like the rest of us honest folks, and that she is a good christian, and that she is neither a *Sylphide*, nor a *Gnomide*; but on the contrary, that she is Mrs. *Laura*, waiting-woman to our very gracious Lady Donna *Felicia de Cardena*;—I love her ten times more and more for it. In short, Signior Don *Sylvio*, I hope you was only laughing when you talked about leaving this charming seat, where I am sure we are so well off, that I cannot think what people could wish for more. Though the house itself is neither built of Sapphires nor Diamonds, yet still, as *Laura* tells me, it is one of the finest in the

whole province; and was I you, Sir, I do think, I should never wish for a better as long as I lived. I know very well what I know, though I don't blow a Trumpet, and tell every body. But sometimes people find more than they looked for; I am sure a Lark is quite a Kite at any time, and who minds losing a Gudgeon to catch a Salmon? — For my own part, I shan't say a word: But look'ye here, Signior; we shall not budge out of this house without setting two or three Weddings upon the Church steeple first and foremost. I only beg of you, Signior, to remember this in proper time and place, and that 'twas I that told you so before-hand."

"I should be glad to know, said Don *Sylvio*, what kind of secret thou hast got in thy stomach, which so pesters thee; for I perceive that thou canst hardly wait the moment of discharging thyself of it?" — "So then, you take me for a Blab, I suppose?" replied *Pedrillo*. Upon my word, though, You deserve to find me as stiff and obstinate in my turn, as the dumb Man that would not answer a syllable. You may think I can't keep a secret, just as you please: But no no! I have my own reasons, and I  
fancy



fancy *Laura* has hers too, or she would not have so strictly charged me to say nothing to you about the Princess's— Pox take it! I had like to have blown the whole mystery; but, however, I caught myself up in good time.— Well! only have a little patience, Signior, when the pears are ripe they fall of themselves: we shall soon see extraordinary things come about. But it must be owned, Signior, you are born under a lucky Star. Huzza! long live the Fairies and enchanted Butterflies; for certainly, had we never been such fools as to run hunting after the blue Butterfly—But, I say no more! I know what I know, and that's enough; and what is more, Signior, you see now I *can* hold my tongue, and I can keep secrets. Was I a prating fellow, as your Worship is so often pleased to throw it in my teeth, how should I have been so silent after finding both picture and Princess, and all together?" —“ Ha! what saidst thou? hastily cried Don *Sylvio*,—hast found my Princess's pourtrait? Where is it,—or what hast thou done with it?" —“ O ho! I beg your pardon, Signior, replied *Pedrillo*, with all the calmness in the world.

I have no pourtrait, believe me; no, nor did I say I had found your Princess's picture; for in truth, I must have told a grievous lie if I *had* said——”

“Fool! what art thou chattering then about finding a pourtrait and a Princess? demanded Don *Sylvio*.”——“Signior, said *Pedrillo*, you did not take me right. I did not say so, really now: for look'ye, that is exactly the whole mystery of the matter; and, having once promised to say nothing about it, though you were to promise me mountains and wonders, not a syllable of it shall jump out of my lips. I beg and beseech you, Signior, ask me no questions. The Devil is full of his tricks; and if I was not to take great care, some little word or other might slip me unawares.—In short, Signior Don *Sylvio*, I shall say no more than this; and that is, That if we had known, what I know at this moment, the Fairy *Rademante* might have saved you the trouble of pursuing the blue Butterfly over hill and dale, as well as those knocks with the club-stick, that we received for its sake; and might just as well have left us at home——But no, what a fool am I! for then we should never have met with our Princess; tho' by

by the bye, she is no other than—Aye, true! yes, 'tis so. Well, let them say what they will—But softly; O my conscience, the whole mystery was just going to burst from my lips.”——“ Why, what the Devil is come to thee, stupid beast! cried Don *Sylvio*, half mad with impatience. Rascal! mind me; either speak so as one may comprehend thee, or hold thy babbling tongue.”——“ Why then, call me an Ass, Signior, if I comprehend any thing more of it than yourself, though I say it, answered *Pedrillo*: — If we consider the matter one way, one should suppose the Fairy has been laughing at you: and yet, certain it is, she has kept her word with you. The picture is found again, that is very sure; and the Princess too, though to speak strictly, she is neither a blue Butterfly, nor as if one should say, a Princess? The Devil himself I think could not cleverly make out this affair, that has neither head nor tail to it; and yet to be sure, a person must be something or other; and if the picture—But really now, I don't know myself what I would say. My head quite turns round with thinking about our adventures. Nobody shall ever beat it out of my Brains, but

there must be such things as Fairies and Faery doings; for 'faith it is a very clear case, that all this could never have come about so queerly, and all by mere chance — But, if I am not mistaken — aye, there comes the Princess herself — Donna *Felicia*, I would say. 'Ifackins! she drops in just at the nick of time. One minute later, and my whole secret would have blown up, unless I could have ceased talking."

At these words he withdrew to a distance from Don *Sylvio*, who, the moment his fair one appeared, instantly forgot the curiosity with which the mysterious *Pedrillo* had inspired him. Accordingly, advancing with long steps, he struck into another walk of the Labyrinth, where soon he hoped to meet with the object of his warmest wishes.

## C H A P.



## C H A P. II.

*In which the Plot begins to unravel.*

W H E N two Lovers avoid each other, the one does it commonly to be sought for with more eagerness, and found with more ease by the other. Donna *Felicia* no sooner perceived our Hero, than she took a path directly contrary to that where he was, but not without turning her head round more than once as she went. The moment she saw he was in search of her, she stole insensibly into an alley where he was sure of meeting her. Both seemed astonished at finding each other in the Garden at so early an hour, but Donna *Felicia* was not quite so sincere as Don *Sylvio*, to acknowledge the true reason. She pretended the fineness of the morning, whereas Don *Sylvio* ingenuously confessed he was come into the Garden to enjoy his reflections more coolly and more to his mind. A very significant look which he glanced at Donna *Felicia* at the same time, and a sigh that stole from him unawares, supplied every thing that

that might seem obscure in his discourse, and stamped its genuine value. Donna *Felicia*, however, who clearly understood their meaning, seemed not to have observed them; but, turning the conversation to the Fairies, asked him, whether the last night's History had not seemed to him like a dream: "For my own part, continued she, I must confess to you, I have been all night long travelling in the Whale's belly; and if you have any curiosity to know more, I could perhaps give you some news that may not be indifferent to you."

Upon this, with all the gravity of a Lover of seventeen, Don *Sylvio* replied, "That for his part, as he had thought of nothing but her, waking, since he first beheld her, it was impossible for his soul to employ itself on any other object in his dreams. At the same time he owned, that from what had passed within him ever since he had the honour of becoming acquainted with her, he was almost persuaded there could be no other Enchantment in the world than Love." — "Ah! why is it, he cried, that I cannot find words to paint, to you my situation? You have given me a new existence. Your presence diffuses a brightness

ness round me, that—embellishes all Nature, and renders it more affectingly beautiful in my eyes. I fancy myself in another world. Every thing I see seems but as a reverberation of your charms; things the most inanimate, appear animated, and breathe as it were only Love. Even in your absence, at every place where I before have seen you, you leave the traces of some magick charm; and, though invisible, methinks I feel you constantly and always present.”

“Don *Sylvio*!” interrupted Donna *Felicia*, giving him a tender look, which she strove to conceal under an airy smile, “Do not oblige me to tell you, that you are as well versed in the Poets as the Prince” — “Oh, name him not, Donna *Felicia*, cried our Hero; (whom her words, very innocently as they were uttered, had so moved that the tears stood in his eyes.) Do not hurt the sincerity of my soul by a comparison which I so little deserve. I tell you what I feel, and would I could tell it you in such a language, as might better express my real sentiments than all languages in the world. What I have felt since I saw you, differs infinitely from the effects of an heated imagination:

tion. Your first look extinguished all that fire. I remember my past life, but as a vain airy dream; 'twas from that fortunate moment alone in which I first beheld you, that I can reckon myself to have truly existed. And oh how—"

Here our young, too-timid Hero stopped short, explaining the residue of what he had not courage to pronounce, by a look that pierced the beautiful *Felicia* to the inmost soul. "Perhaps, replied she, I might accuse you with too much reason, of not being so sincere towards me as you would wish me to believe. But I will not reproach you, nor have I any authority to do so. You have done me the honour, Don *Sylvio*, to take me for a Fairy; and now permit me to prove to you, that at least, in one respect, I resemble your *Radiante*. Observe here, this is the pourtrait of your mistress which you lost; I restore it to you just as you received it from her hands." So saying, she gave him the picture, inwardly diverting herself at the perplexity into which so unexpected a present threw him. He accepted it with a trembling hand, contemplated it for some time, then steadfastly looked at Donna *Felicia*, and again returned to the



the pourtrait. At length he cried, "Wheresoever this pourtrait comes from, or whoever it is intended to represent, my eyes, Madam, tell me that it is yours; and my heart avouches, that all the power this picture has usurped over me, absolutely proceeds, beautiful *Felicia*! from the wonderful resemblance it bears to you. I did not receive it from a Fairy's hands, as you mentioned just now: I found it in the wood adjoining to the park at *Rosalva*. This circumstance, added to that of its having been seized from me, and now restored to you, seems to imply something mysterious. Do explain it to me, fair *Felicia*. Certainly it is your own pourtrait; the moment I saw it, it took an entire possession of my soul. I perceived it by that inexpressible Love wherewith it inspired me. I saw it must resemble Her who alone was capable of rendering me happy: my heart avowed in those lively colours the object of all its wishes. But oh, how infinitely more exquisite was that sensation when I beheld the original!"—"Take care, said Donna *Felicia* smiling; your heart had like to have played you a little shrewd turn; for I assure you, this pourtrait

is not mine, notwithstanding the resemblance which you think you find it."

During their conversation they had pursued their walk, and now, just as Donna *Felicia* uttered the last words, they came up to the pavillion. She perceived the embarrassment into which her explanation had put Don *Sylvio*, though he inwardly persisted, that in loving that portrait, he had never loved any but her, let it represent whom it would. He attributed it to the effect of a secret pre-sentiment, or foresight, though he could not help owning, that the circumstances, in which he had received the picture back, seemed a Riddle to him. Donna *Felicia* could not be so cruel as to leave him long in a state of perplexity, which, at best, could only serve to gratify her vanity. She therefore led him through the hall of the pavillion into a cabinet; on entering which he immediately perceived two pourtraits of the natural size, placed on the opposite sides of the room, and which so perfectly resembled each other, that there was no distinguishing between them any otherwise than by a slight difference in the colouring, which none but an able Connoisseur could have observed.

served. "Now one of these pourtraits, said she, is mine; guess, Don *Sylvio*, which of the two it is."—"Both are your's, cried our Hero; for the one seems evidently a copy of the other."—"No, Don *Sylvio*, you are mistaken, replied *Felicia*. That yonder, which you take for mine, is at least sixty years older than this other; for it represents my Grandmother, Donna *Dorothea de Futella*, just as she was at sixteen years of age: And here, continued she, pointing to a little miniature pourtrait which hung below the large one, here you see another picture of her, which was done nearly about the same time. It perfectly resembles the large one, and from this was taken that very copy which gave birth to the singular intrigue we have been speaking of. Upon finding so strong a likeness between Donna *Dorothea* and myself, my father was induced to have my picture taken in my sixteenth year, in the same dress and attitude as hers; and every body that saw this pourtrait declared it equally resembled my Grandmother and myself. My Grandfather, who was extremely fond of his Lady, got the little pourtrait painted which fell into your hands, and

and wore it about him, as was the custom at that time, fastened to a golden chain. He left it to my mother; from her it at length came to me, and I fixed to it that string of pearls, and constantly wore it as a collar, till the day I lost it in that very Forest where you must have found it soon after. Thus you have the whole History of this matter: and now, added she smiling, since both have an equal claim upon your inclinations, 'tis with You to decide in favour either of the Grandmother, or of her Granddaughter."

Don *Sylvio* was quite beside himself on hearing a deduction and elucidation of particulars so exactly conformable to the wishes of his heart. He threw himself at Donna *Felicia's* feet, and told her, in that pathetick disorder of spirits which constitutes the true eloquence of Love, such things as might seem no less insipid to our Readers, than they were naturally pleasing to Donna *Felicia*, who was sensibly affected by them. In the situation wherein she found her own heart, she took such pleasure in listening to a lover like Don *Sylvio*, that a considerable time elapsed before she once thought of restraining the young gentleman's



gentleman's enthusiasm. At length she desired him to rise and follow her into the Saloon, where they might more commodiously 'pursue their conversation. There Don *Sylvio* ingenuously related to her all his Faery-tale, the History of the Butterfly, and the apparition of the Fairy *Radiante*. He acknowledged, that this supposed Vision was partly owing to the having his imagination filled with marvellous Anecdotes of the Faery-generation; and the more willingly did he make this confession, because Donna *Felicia* allowed him, uninterruptedly so to do; not without feeling a singular pleasure, in placing the other part of this very particular phenomenon, to the account of some secret divination, or kind of prescience of the soul, which anticipated, as it were, that he should soon behold the original of this darling copy. " Though the Fairies, continued he, are but imaginary Beings, I shall ever consider them as my best Benefactresses, since but for them I might have languished out my days in solitude at *Rosalva*; and, perhaps, might forever have missed the happiness of finding her, whom my heart, full of those desires  
which

which it has ever since felt, seemed so ardently to think of and pursue."

He went on painting his sentiments to the beautiful *Felicia* for a good while, with the perfect enthusiasm of a Lover truly smitten. The young lady herself became imperceptibly affected to such a degree, that, forgetting all her former resolutions, she could not help relating to him how she had found him sleeping under the Rose-bushes, and that from the moment she saw him, it had been out of her power to be uninterested in favour of the unknown Sleeper; and still more so now, as the sentiments with which she had evidently seemed to inspire him, must render him dearer to her. This animating confession threw our Hero into so perfect an extasy, that all he could do was again to cast himself at his fair one's feet, and kiss her hands a thousand and a thousand times over, till sight and breath almost forsook him together. There cannot perhaps be any thing more dangerous for a fair lady of Donna *Felicia's* age, than a view of that felicity with which her first favours inebriate her lover, and whenever that lover is young, handsome, well made, and has as much  
natural

natural vivacity as Don *Sylvio*, I should apprehend the danger to be not much less on *his* side.

On this account we hope the amiable *Felicia* will stand excused, for having, perhaps, shewn her enraptured adorer too much indulgence. Under that soft intoxication of soul in which she appears, dissolving as it were in love and its delights, and where the liveliest expression of those sentiments appears all too feeble; we cannot in justice expect her to have the power of preserving that equanimity, which the wisdom of moral Philosophers is so fond to prescribe. These sublime Geniuses demand (and indeed with reason) that we should never go too far. But the point is to know, what may or may not be too far, in cases like those we speak of; and by what means, hitherto unknown, it is possible to make Love and Wisdom walk strait forward in parallel lines, so as that the one may never stray from the other.

To an amorous young couple, like Don *Sylvio* and the beautiful *Felicia*, Time is not a series of moments, but one continual immoveable Moment, that  
would

would insensibly swallow up whole years, were it not drawn out of this enchanting extasy by external causes, or a dissipation of the animal spirits. The parties in question so little found themselves under the latter predicament, that they were equally surprized to learn from *Laura* that breakfast waited for them. In consequence of this information, it was thought proper for Don *Sylvio* to withdraw a few minutes; minutes, which however, appeared not a little tedious, for during four hours successively last past, he had found himself so little tired with looking at his dear *Felicia*, that it seemed almost impossible to detach himself from her for a single moment.

Presently after the whole little society assembled in Donna *Felicia*'s apartment to drink tea. Don *Eugenio* and Don *Gabriel* were greatly astonished at the visible metamorphosis which had taken place in our Hero. The latter had got himself ready armed with a variety of arguments, in order to force the Fairies to their last entrenchments in Don *Sylvio*'s brain. But he soon perceived the whole business done without him, and found himself obliged to allow, that two fine eyes



eyes know better how to persuade, and can work a more sudden conversion, in a few minutes, than the Academy, \* the *Lyceum* \*, or the *Stoa* \*, might with all their united forces have been able to do in the course of as many years.

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### C H A P. III.

#### *New Discoveries.*

**B**reakfast being over, the company retired into Don *Eugenio's* Library, where Don *Gabriel* employed himself in shewing his young friend and the ladies various experiments in Natural Philosophy; when, all on a sudden, a noise like that of some kind of carriage was heard in the Court-yard before the house, which presently interrupted the attention of his disciples. Let any one imagine the agreeable confusion of Don

\*\*\* The famous Schools in which *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and *Zeno*, taught the Athenians Philosophy.

*Sylvio*, when a minute or two after he beheld his dear Aunt, *Donna Menzia*, enter the room.

In order to save any future Critick, who may possibly be inclined to give himself the trouble of defending this work against the biting tooth of a *Zoilus*, or any of his brethren; that is to say, against all and every one, who,—to the very great mortification of our just, paternal love for this procreation of our intellects,—should maliciously dare to attempt for to wish or to discover its faults and imperfections: To save, I say, this excellent and learned personage (to whom, thus publickly and beforehand, we pay our best thanks for the labours he shall undertake—for he will find enough to do) the pains of defending us from the reproach of having, against all probability, brought the sage and venerable *Donna Menzia*, *quasi Deum ex Machinâ*, to the seat of *Don Eugenio*, riding in a Calash drawn by two poor worn-out Tits, without assigning any other good reason for so doing, but truly because we have occasion for her: For these reasons we think it incumbent upon us first and foremost to observe, that

that this unlooked-for apparition did not happen by our means, but through the care and discretion of that famous Barber, or Barber-furgeon, or Surgeon-barber, who hath already more than once in the course of this performance, appeared and figured upon the Stage. This gentleman, in a tour he had made the evening or two before to *Lirias* to dress the wounded person, had heard of Don *Sylvio's* arrival, and through the imprudent loquacity of the discreet *Pedrillo*, had picked up certain other little particulars, which made him suspect there was some mystery in the matter. Fraught with this intelligence, Master *Blas* immediately hied him away to *Rosalva*, where every method had already been used to discover our Hero in all the adjacent places. Donna *Menzia* was very greatly alarmed at these tidings; for as her Nephew's marriage with the beautiful *Mergelina* was one of the conditions, without which her own nuptials with Signior *Rodrigo Sanchez* could not absolutely take place, it was impossible for her to be unconcerned at the news which Master *Blas*, with a very mysterious air, poured into her ear in a whif-

per; and which, if they meant any thing, imported that to judge from appearances, Don *Sylvio* was not at *Lirias* for nothing. In a word, she thought the affair sufficiently important to demand her personal attendance to bring him back to *Rosalva*. She accordingly arrived in these dispositions, which, joined to the profound contempt with which the high antiquity of her house inspired her for the nobility of a fresh date, gave her on her arrival at *Lirias* one of those gracious casts of feature, which it is easier to imagine than describe. And moreover, to complete her misfortunes, seeing her Nephew in such dangerous company as that of Donna *Felicia* and *Jacintha*. (dangerous to the last degree, according to her principles;) her ill-humour rose to such a pitch, that her countenance (which, without these additional charms, was better calculated to express the severity of Virtue than its graces) took the air of 'a Fury so perfectly, that her meagre form wanted nothing more than a few Serpents hung round the head, and a Torch in her hand, to represent one of the Graces of the Infernal Regions. However, notwithstanding



withstanding all these charms, as being Don *Sylvio's* aunt, she was received in a manner so respectful and so engaging, as to find herself obliged a little to unwrinkle her terrible and menacing brow. The beauty and noble mein of Don *Eugenio* likewise contributed their part to reclaim her; and these succeeded so well, that the two Ladies, who, upon the first look with which she honoured them, had retired to the farther end of the room, at length resumed courage to advance toward the Sopha, where Donna *Menzia* had seated herself at Don *Eugenio's* request. They did it, however, with such precaution, as to place themselves near enough the door to get clear off in case of accidents. Donna *Menzia* after a short preamble explained the reason of her coming; expressing no small astonishment at what could possibly have occasioned her Nephew's being at *Lirias*. Don *Eugenio* informed her it was entirely owing to chance, and put it to the account of certain adventures which had happened to himself; mentioning the valiant assistance Don *Sylvio* had afforded him, without which he should have run a great risque of

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being over-powered. But he took care to suppress a few circumstances relative to the History in question. Donna *Menzia* expressed so much satisfaction at her Nephew's good conduct, as it rendered him not unworthy the noble blood which flowed in his viens, that the amiable *Jacintha* could not help venturing a few words likewise in praise of our young Hero's prowess.

'Twas then for the first time that Donna *Menzia* condescended so far as to cast a disdainful look upon these little female Beings. We have already observed somewhere, that *Jacintha* was neither tall, nor had she that exact symmetry of features or exquisite delicacy of complexion which we expect in a consummately fine woman. 'Twas that certain inexpressible charm which discovers itself sometimes in the physiognomy, and diffuses itself over the whole form, and that alone, which rendered her unaccountably engaging at the first sight. This it was which made her find favour in the eyes of Donna *Menzia*, who was perfectly well satisfied with her own charms, and what herself imagined to be, a majestick shape and size.

size. Nay, by little and little, she even went so far, as to honour the young creature with some degree of her attention; when, just as she was about telling *Jacintha* that she had never seen any person in her life that so much put her in mind of her deceased Sister-in-law, Donna *Isidora*, as she did—in stepped Don *Sylvio*, (after no small hesitation to appear before her) attended by Don *Gabriel*.

The panegyrics which had already been bestowed upon him, the politeness of address with which he saluted his Aunt, and, perhaps, also the figure of the gentleman who accompanied him;—one of those lucky figures, calculated to conciliate esteem the moment they appear:—These, altogether, had so good an effect, that Don *Sylvio* met with a much more gracious reception than he had dared to hope for. Don *Gabriel*, it seems, had been a good while acquainted with the old Lady's character; accordingly he was mischievous enough to tell her some of the finest things in the world, in the Court-style used at the time of *Charles*, the second of that name in *Spain*: So that presently, to

the great diversion of the company, he saw himself honoured with the laughable character of a declared adorer and favourite of this Dowager beauty. Every one exerted himself and herself to entertain the Lady in the very best manner, heaping eulogiums and compliments upon her in the bombast style and taste of *Amadis de Gaul*. The gentlemen had eyes only for her Ladyship; and the young Ladies affected so timid and so infantine a look in her presence, that she could not help verily fancying herself at least twenty years younger. In short, she became by degrees so gay, so facetious, and so cheary, that—it was really a pity!

This Comedy went on for some time. The repeated observation which Donna Menzia had made upon the resemblance betwixt *Jacintha* and Donna *Isidora de Rosalva*, had led her into a very circumstantial detail of the adventures of her own youth, with which she tired the audience for about half an hour; when instantly loud shouts were heard, the noise of which seemed to come from the stair-case. *Pedrillo's* voice soon distinguished itself, and the next moment he



he appeared in person, or rather tumbled himself head and shoulders into the room, without any regard to his master or the rest of the company; crying out with all his might, "Huzza! Joy to great *Cæsar*! There Signior, *Pimpimp* is found again; we have got little *Pimpimp* again! — Ah, I'faith, I knew the cursed old *Carabossa* at fifty paces distance. But truly, she would not give him up, not she: So she vowed and protested she did not steal him away; and then she did set upon me, and did so clapper-claw and abuse me with her Bil-  
\*lingsgate Language, that for the life of me I would not dare to repeat it before such good company. But upon my soul, she did not throw away her civilities into the Dead Sea: I gave her flash for flash, and combed her head for her a little in her own way. Oh what an old Carrion it is! and then look'ye, she had not stole him, forsooth! No, nor positively she would not give him up into any body else's hands but your own, Signior; ay, and Don *Eugenio* she would speak to, in spite of us all, that she would, though the Devil himself stood over her with a horse-whip. So I told

*translated from the German.*

told her, as how, there was company; and, said I, there's time enough to hear thee tell Fortunes some time else: and all what we wanted to know, is known already, said I; and so, said I, thou hast nothing more to do than give us little *Pimpimp*, and then prithee, Madam, troop off as soon as thou wilt, or by St. *Jago*! I shall pay thee back a hundred fold all the buffets, cuffs, and kicks of the breech, and so forth, that I received the day before yesterday by thy contrivance, or that of thy brimstone Companion's, said I—old *Fanfreluche*! But all this, however, would have been talking to no purpose—in she would come in spite of my teeth, had not I, at last, e'en took hold of her by main force and pushed her down stairs.”—

“ Well, but what art thou talking about, my friend? demanded Don *Eugenio*: Who is this old Woman? Did not she tell thee what she wanted?”—“ Signior, replied *Pedrillo*, she herself can best tell you who she is. My master there, Signior Don *Sylvio*, did insist upon it against wind and tide, that she is the Fairy *Carabossa*. But if I must speak my

my mind, I think, saving your Honour's presence, she is only an old *Gipsy*—"

No sooner had Don *Eugenio* caught the sound of these last words, than he rose precipitately from his seat, and went out with all possible expedition. "Perchance, thought he, this may be the very *Gipsy* I am in search of?" And happily for him, for this once his hopes were not deceived.

The supposed *Carabossa*, whom our Hero had met with in the woods the morning after his flight from *Rosalva*, was no other than that very *Gipsy*, who, as we have before observed, acted so principal a part in *Jacinta's* History. The Reader possibly may recollect that the indiscreet curiosity of the Corregidor at *Seville* had obliged this worthy Matron to retire from that Capital. Unluckily for her, her name, person, and merit were so celebrated through all the provinces of Spain, that she knew not which side to turn herself, to keep from falling into those very toils which she wished to avoid. In this dilemma she thought of *Jacinta*, who, as she had learnt from one of her old acquaintance, was acting with universal applause upon

upon the Stage in *Grenada*. She accordingly bent her course thither as much disguised as possible, and arrived at *Grenada* the same day that *Jacintha* had left it. She gained full intelligence of every thing concerning her from an Actress, who failed not to enlarge upon what people heard and imagined with regard to Don *Eugenio*'s inclinations and views respecting *Jacintha*. This information presently suggested to her a means of procuring herself a protector in the person of the young gentleman, who might amply reward her, by affording her a secure retreat within his own territories, for the service she could render him. Upon this she used the utmost diligence to get to *Valencia* before *Jacintha*, and it was just at this juncture that she had met with our Adventurers upon the road, in her way through the wood. A few leagues from *Xelva*, by a like chance, she met with one of Don *Eugenio*'s Stewards at the Inn where she passed the night, who was come from an estate of his Lord's in the neighbourhood of *Valencia*, and intended going next day to *Lirias*. This man informed her that if she wanted  
to



to speak with his master, she had only to go back the way she came; and as she pretended to have things of the utmost consequence to communicate to him, the Steward had politeness enough to accompany her. They accordingly reached *Lirias* just at the nick of time when the truth of the discovery she wanted to make might be put past doubt by the presence of Donna *Menzia*.

A minute or two after Don *Eugenio's* quitting the Saloon, he returned, leading in the old Gipsy by the hand. "Donna *Menzia*, said he, I bring you here a Woman, who boasts of being able to restore to you a lost Neice." The amiable *Jacintha*, the instant she perceived her foster-mother, shrieked out in the greatest consternation and terror; while the old Woman, immediately on seeing Donna *Menzia*, threw herself at her feet, and begged pardon of her for a crime, of which she confessed herself guilty towards her. This done, she gave her a very circumstantial account of the place and time in which she had artfully carried off her Niece Donna *Seraphina*, then about five years of age; adding, that that young Lady, pointing

The Author is here guilty of an oversight for it is expressly said in the second volume she was then only about three years of age

to *Jacintha*, was the same *Seraphina*, whom she was rejoiced thus to find again; and as a certain proof that what she said was true, she produced a little chain of gold with a Crucifix, which *Seraphina* wore as a necklace at the time of her being carried off.

It would be easier to imagine than describe the agreeable surprize which so fortunate a discovery must occasion in our little society. Don *Eugenio*, who could not contain himself for joy, would readily have excused the Gipsy from urging any other proofs whatever: But Donna *Menzia* was not quite so open to conviction, or so easy to be persuaded. She examined the old Gipsy with the utmost strictness respecting the minutest circumstances of this female Rape; and at length, perfectly satisfied with the old Woman's answers, she began to consider attentively the gold Necklace, which she recollected to be the very same that she had given her little Neice, when Don *Pedro* the Father committed his children to her care. In a word, after an examination and scrutiny that lasted near an hour, *Jacintha* was acknowledged as Donna *Seraphina*  
de

*de Rosalva*, and cordially embraced in that character by the whole company, particularly by our Hero and his Aunt. This unlooked-for discovery diffused inexpressible joy through the whole House; and Don *Eugenio*, who wished to diffuse his own happy feelings through all Nature, gave immediate orders for celebrating the day with every expression of Festivity.

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#### C H A P. IV.

##### *Conclusion of this History.*

**A**T length we have conducted the History of our Hero to a period, at which it ceases to be marvellous, or (what amounts to the same thing) at which it begins to take the common turn of all human events; ceasing, of course, to be adapted to the views which we proposed to ourselves in the composition of this work. Don *Sylvio*, who from this hour acknowledges no other Fairies than his adorable *Felicia*; and

and no other Enchantment than that which darts from her fine eyes, is upon the point of being happy, worthy of his happiness, and if (as we hope) he shall live long enough, even of becoming wise in due time. In his present agreeable situation, therefore, we might now leave him to his Love, and the care of his propitious stars, had we not in all probability some Readers too indolent to imagine for themselves the natural issue and result of this wonderful Story; though certainly nothing can be more easily guessed out, without any need of our interposition. Hereby then we inform all such Readers, that Don *Sylvio*, the same day, gave his Aunt a full account of Don *Eugenio's* proceeding, and how highly worthy he had evinced himself of this newly-found Sister. He then acquainted her with their mutual inclination for each other, as well as with the singular commencement, and successful progress of his own passion for the beautiful *Felicia de Cardena*. Don *Sylvio* met with little difficulty in obtaining the old Lady's consent to this two-fold alliance, proposed to her by Don *Eugenio* and her



her Nephew. She now blushed to think that an hundred thousand Ducats should have rendered her capable of deeming a pettifogging Attorney of *Xelva* and his monster of a Neice, worthy to be allied with her family: not to say, that being somewhat of a calculator, she was clearly of opinion that with a fortune of forty thousand Ducats *per ann.* which Donna *Felicia* would bring her dear Don *Sylvio* on their marriage; the ancient splendour of her house was likely to be much better re-established. One of the marriage articles on her Nephew's part, by which he assigned her an annual pension of six thousand Ducats for life, did not a little further contribute to convince her Ladyship of the propriety of the connection. So snug an income sufficiently enabled her to make shift without Signior *Roderigo Sanchez*; and let matters turn out how they would, she could easily make herself amends for the loss of him by the help of so comfortable a pittance.

Though there are very good reasons to believe that our Hero was now entirely recovered of any pernicious effects which the Fairies had produced

in his brain, it was nevertheless judged proper to fill up with realities that *Vacuum*, which the banishment of the Fairies had left there. It was accordingly settled that he should make the tour of *Europe*, the better to render himself worthy the possession of his fair *Felicia*. Don *Eugenio* very affectionately and cheerfully determined to accompany him. Don *Gabriel* carried his friendship so far as to insist on serving him as the *Mentor* of his travels; and our fair ones were generous enough to give their assent to so eligible an expedition, though likely to be attended with a separation of two whole years. In the mean time the Ladies concluded to retire to a Convent in *Valencia*, and there wait for the return of their admirers;—a period, not a little enlivened by the frequent letters which they regularly received from them. The two years being elapsed, Don *Eugenio* and Don *Gabriel* brought back their young friend so accomplished, that it was scarce possible for any but Donna *Felicia* to recollect him. She, however, was by no means surprized to see that an intercourse with the great world, and the various opportunities it

offers  
*love God be Just and  
 fears not*

offers of informing and cultivating the mind, should thus have developed those happy dispositions, which she knew he possessed; and which from their first acquaintance had rendered him so amiable and estimable in her eyes.

At length, this lovely young widow and her worthy friend Donna *Seraphina* (whom the conversation of Donna *Felicia*, and others of similar rank and merit, had rendered one of the most amiable creatures living) consented with pleasure to make their ardent lovers happy. Honest *Pedrillo*—who had accompanied his master and returned as alert and as talkative, but much more polished and genteel than heretofore,—in reward of the sufferings he had formerly endured in the toilsome perilous pursuit of the blue Butterfly, and as a return for the services he had rendered his master during their late Tour;—Honest, faithful *Pedrillo* obtained the fair, the prudent *Laura*; together with the post of Steward of the Household, of which, very probably, he remains possessed to the present hour, in the most amiable and the happiest family throughout *Spain*.

F I N I S.

Ah. mia Bella

Ah. Nihil quod Nihilis Amor  
est. Medica Galis. Hortis

Veniant ex dote Redgetur  
Mollie meum Levibus  
Cor est violabile felix  
is stultis per scibere sic





